

MACLEAN'S

FEBRUARY 15 1952 CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE 15 CENTS

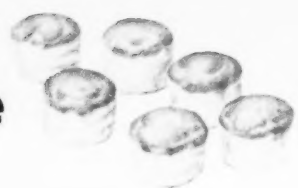
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are we getting?

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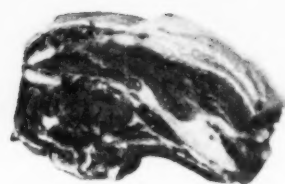
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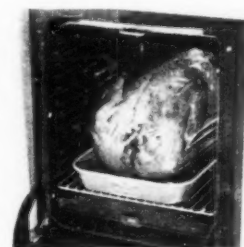
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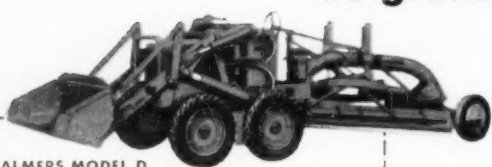
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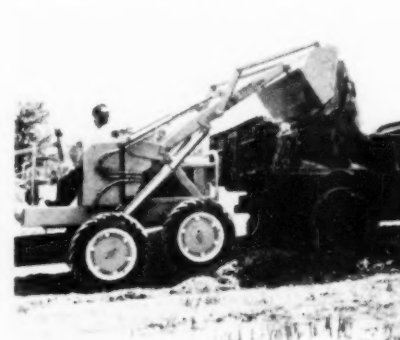
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EDITORIAL

WHAT IS THE RIGHT TO STRIKE?

MOST PEOPLE now concede that the right to strike is a basic human right, essential to the spirit and practice of democracy. The right to strike is no more and no less than the right of any man to refuse to work under conditions which do not suit him; to use the demand for his services to drive a better bargain for his services. It is, we repeat, no more than that and no less.

Ultimately it would be a serious loss for all of us—the rich man as well as the poor, the employer as well as the employed—if the right to strike were to be denied. Many farsighted employers would continue to pay the best wages they find it possible to pay and still remain in business. But some would not and, through a gradual erosion, the topsoil of buying power which feeds our consumer economy would again enter the dangerous cycle of drift and run-off which almost destroyed our economy in the thirties.

It is only when those exercising the right to strike arrogate to themselves rights to which they are not entitled in law or in common sense that the right to strike, in these days, enters into jeopardy. The rights of human beings, like human beings themselves, are known by the company they keep and the right to strike has been keeping some singularly bad company lately. Not long ago at the Ford of Canada plant in Windsor the right to strike got mixed up publicly with a whole rogues' gallery of phonies and bully boys merely masquerading as rights: the "right" to damage property, the "right" to interfere with officers of the law in the performance of their duty, the "right" to use a picket line as a blockade, the "right" to walk out

on a lawful agreement. More recently, in their eagerness to embrace the right to strike, the operators of Toronto's streetcar system embraced an equally dubious ally: the "right" to paralyze a city on four hours' notice.

By confusing right with license both the Ford strikers and the Toronto streetcar strikers clearly weakened a right which until very recently had been growing progressively stronger. The Ford strikers not only lost the sympathy of the general public—a priceless part of the strike weapon in itself—but could not claim the support of their own union leaders. The Toronto streetcar strikers could not perhaps have expected to attract overwhelming sympathy toward their cause, since the only way to have met their demands would have been to increase fares. But had they permitted a decent period of warning, had they made it just a little less obvious that they hoped to win by inflicting the swiftest and greatest possible hardship on the public, they might at least have carried on their fight for better wages in a climate of understanding and tolerance. As it was the strike was not a week old before a serious movement was on foot in Toronto's City Council to seek the outlawing of all strikes in public utilities.

If that should happen—if the simple fundamental rights implicit in the right to strike should suffer any fundamental damage—the damage to our democratic way of life will not be small. The damage can be prevented if those who possess and cherish the right to strike will constantly remind themselves that the right to strike does not embrace the right to break the law or to discontinue an essential service without fair notice.

IN THE EDITORS' CONFIDENCE

FRED BODSWORTH has been in this office and this magazine so frequently during the past four years that we have almost come to regard him not as a regular contributor but a member of the staff. With this issue he moves right in as a staff writer. Because we've always regarded Bodsworth as one of the best magazine writers in the business we



were unprepared for the reaction his name produced the other day when we mentioned him to a man we had just met. "Bodsworth? The naturalist?" he asked. Among birdwatchers he is regarded only slightly less highly than an Eskimo curlew, it seems. He wrote *What Kind of Canadians Are We Getting?* on page 16. **R. T. Allen**, who has done another one of his humorous pieces on page 18 (*Wild Animals I Have Known—Slightly*), has two funny pieces, both from Mac-

lean's, in *Louis Untermeyer's Best American Humor of 1950*. The *New Yorker* was the only other magazine to have two places in Untermeyer's Best. Rex Woods used a model from Forest Hill High School in Toronto to get the young sister in blue jeans in the background of this cover painting. The older sister wears jeans around the house a good deal of the time herself, Woods discovered. He also discovered what a remarkable transformation took place when she changed to a strapless evening gown to pose.

MACLEAN'S

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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RESearch on diseases of the heart and blood vessels has brought impressive advances that are helping to save many lives today.

Recurrent attacks of rheumatic fever—the chief threat to the hearts of children—may be prevented by penicillin or other drugs. New hormone compounds are also proving helpful in treating acute rheumatic fever, even in cases in which the heart has been seriously impaired.

Diseases of the arteries that nourish the heart can be treated more effectively now than ever before with certain drugs that prevent the formation or spread of blood clots. Studies show that under ideal conditions mortality from these causes was reduced about one-third by the proper use of these drugs.

Great strides have been made in curing infections of the valves of the heart. Heretofore, such infections were nearly always fatal. Today, two out of three cases are cured.

In addition, other research studies point to progress in the detection and treatment of various heart disorders.

Even with these and other advances, diseases of the heart and

blood vessels continue to be the greatest hazard to life. Hundreds of thousands of Canadians are affected by them, and they account for about 32 percent of the total mortality in our country.

Authorities say, however, that much can be done to help protect the heart, and reduce the toll from heart disease. Here are some measures they recommend:

1. Do not ignore possible warnings of heart trouble: pain or a feeling of oppression in the chest, rapid or irregular beating of the heart, shortness of breath, and excessive fatigue. Such symptoms are often of nervous origin, but their true meaning should be determined by the doctor.
2. Have periodic medical check-ups. Everyone, especially those middle-aged or over, should have periodic medical examinations. Such check-ups generally insure that if heart trouble should occur, it will be detected early, when the chances of successful control are best.
3. Follow a routine of healthful living. Such a routine should include a nourishing diet, getting plenty of rest and sleep, trying to avoid tension, and keeping weight at normal or below. The latter is especially important as extra weight is a contributing factor to several types of heart trouble.

Today, thousands of people with bad hearts are living practically normal lives simply by faithfully following the doctor's instructions. Among the groups aiding research on heart disease is the Life Insurance Medical Research Fund, in which 143 Life insurance companies participate. Since 1945, the Fund has contributed nearly 4 million dollars to support studies on heart and blood vessel disorders.

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NEW YORK LETTER by Beverley Baxter



Inside the Big House, Baxter was offered a seat in the electric chair. He wasn't that fired.

MY CHRISTMAS IN SING SING

A WINTER sun is shining sharply on a snowless Park Avenue, which is exactly sixteen stories below this apartment in which I am writing. From my lofty pinnacle I can see the skyscrapers standing sentinel against the encroachment of the river which is gleaming like slightly tarnished silver.

Since my last letter I have acquired some fame, albeit a passing fame, for having been on board the Queen Mary in her historic eight days' crossing of the Atlantic. To be perfectly accurate, although accuracy is ever the foe of self-expression, it did not take a full eight days. Nevertheless we left Southampton on a Saturday morning and reached New York the following Saturday morning.

We were only a few hours out from Cherbourg, having paused there to take on some French and American passengers, when a couple of aeroplanes came out to have a look at us and then, with the snobbery of such craft, soared into the clouds and no doubt returned to their base. They probably knew that the very father and mother of a storm was on its way to meet us and they wanted to have a last look or a last laugh. It was in fact the cocktail hour when the advance force hit us and caused the Queen Mary to indulge in some very unladylike movements.

But that was nothing to the next day when the mighty Queen made exactly two hundred and forty-eight miles in twenty-four hours. Looking down upon it the sea was like a range of mountains in volcanic eruption. The waves were so vast, so towering in their anger that the hollow between them was like a gigantic belly which could have swallowed the ship without distending itself.

The captain told us he had to reduce speed to five miles an hour, only enough to maintain steering control, because of the fury with which the waves were coming at the ship. This was indeed a storm that meant business. For three days and nights it raged, while the winds howled like ten thousand witches around the boiling caldron.

And yet we saw one of God's creatures that seemed quite indifferent to it all. Almost in mid-ocean there was a solitary sea gull riding a monstrous wave as if enjoying winter sports in a manner after its own choosing. It could have come on board and had a ride to New York but obviously it had other plans, or maybe it had an appointment in Europe with a gull friend.

THERE were seven of us at the captain's table and I was much struck on the opening evening by an American who was accompanied by his wife. He was in his early forties with a powerful forehead, a keen pair of eyes set wide apart, a strong but pleasing voice, and obvious powers of concentration.

We fell to discussing the British House of Commons and he seemed unusually interested in my description of the strange activities of the old Mother of Parliaments. He was also anxious to know how we appraised Anthony Eden as the prospective successor to Churchill and appeared to have one or two reservations in his mind. Finally we changed the subject to the late Franklin Roosevelt and with some caution I said that in Britain we would always be grateful to Roosevelt for having personally entered the war on our side long before he could bring America in with him. He half frowned and so I remarked that probably a president should not move faster than the nation which he represented.

"My case," he said, "is that Roosevelt came in too late." He was obviously measuring his words carefully. By that time I was certain he was someone high up in American public life but I could not place him, although his features were recalling something in my memory.

"The time when Roosevelt should have acted," he said, "was when Munich loomed up in 1938. He should have sent a naval squadron to the Mediterranean and told Hitler that America would take her stand with Britain and France."

Then it Continued on page 39

BACKSTAGE AT OTTAWA

B. C. Coalition Commits Suicide

By BLAIR FRASER, Maclean's Ottawa Editor

WHEN the British Columbia Government blew up last month it marked the end of an experiment in Canadian politics. It's an experiment sometimes urged upon Ottawa—coalition of the "free enterprise" parties against socialism. But last month, after eleven years, the B. C. coalition arranged its own suicide when Premier Byron Johnson fired Herbert Anscomb, Finance Minister and Progressive Conservative leader, for flouting the cabinet.

Figures would make you think the coalition a huge success. The province has never been so prosperous—it even out-booms Alberta. Investment for new enterprises is coming in by hundreds of millions. Population is up forty-two percent in ten years, double the national average, and still there is full employment. Wages are the highest in Canada. It's not unusual for a logger to make sixty dollars in a day, and twenty-five dollars a day is commonplace.

Political statistics also showed the coalition moving from strength to strength. It started in 1941 with thirty members against the CCF's fifteen. It has gained at each of two elections since, and now has thirty-eight MLAs to eight CCFers.

Far from being cheered by these facts and figures Liberals and Conservatives alike are profoundly depressed by the very curious political situation that has arisen on the west coast.

"The only solution I can see," said an active young Liberal, "is to be defeated and clean ourselves up in Opposition."

"It wouldn't surprise me to see Social Credit (which has never even run a candidate in B. C., let alone

won a seat) sweep the province at the next election," said a leading Progressive Conservative.

It's the professionals on both sides who feel that way. Ordinary non-partisan types, who make up ninety-five percent of Canadian voters, seem to be wondering what all the fuss is about. But the professionals take it very seriously indeed.

Last month the one hundred and eighty members of the B. C. Liberal executive met in the Vancouver Hotel. At the first session the party leader, Premier Byron Johnson, had an open fight with the party's veteran president, Harry Perry. Johnson won, but only by giving in to the rebels' main demand: a convention to end coalition. Ten days later he ended it himself by firing Anscomb. Yet neither he nor any other B. C. leader shows a very firm confidence of winning an election single-handed.

A warm admirer of Johnson said, "It would be so much easier if we had a leader who'd never had anything to do with coalition, either backing it or working to break it up." He took it for granted Boss Johnson would step aside for this Galahad—but no Galahad is in sight.

Conservatives are even more divided. Herbert Anscomb, Finance Minister, was confirmed as party leader at a convention fifteen months ago. But, though the anti-Anscomb faction is small, it does include most of the federal Conservatives. George Drew himself has kept out of the squabble, but men who have Drew's confidence (men like Howard Gree and Davie Fulton) are bitter foes of coalition in general and Herbert Anscomb in particular. Col. Cecil Merritt, V.C., *Continued on page 60*



While the erstwhile stablemates slug it out, a dark horse is gaining on the outside.

"I risked my career on skis!"

says JANE RUSSELL starring in "DOUBLE DYNAMITE" an RKO-RADIO Picture



"I adore skiing thrills—but the icy wind on the slopes threatens to leave my skin raw. An actress can't risk that! So thank goodness for soothing Jergens Lotion!"



Before exposure to cold, I always smooth on Jergens.



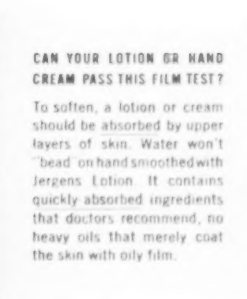
I use it regularly at home, too—it's so effective.



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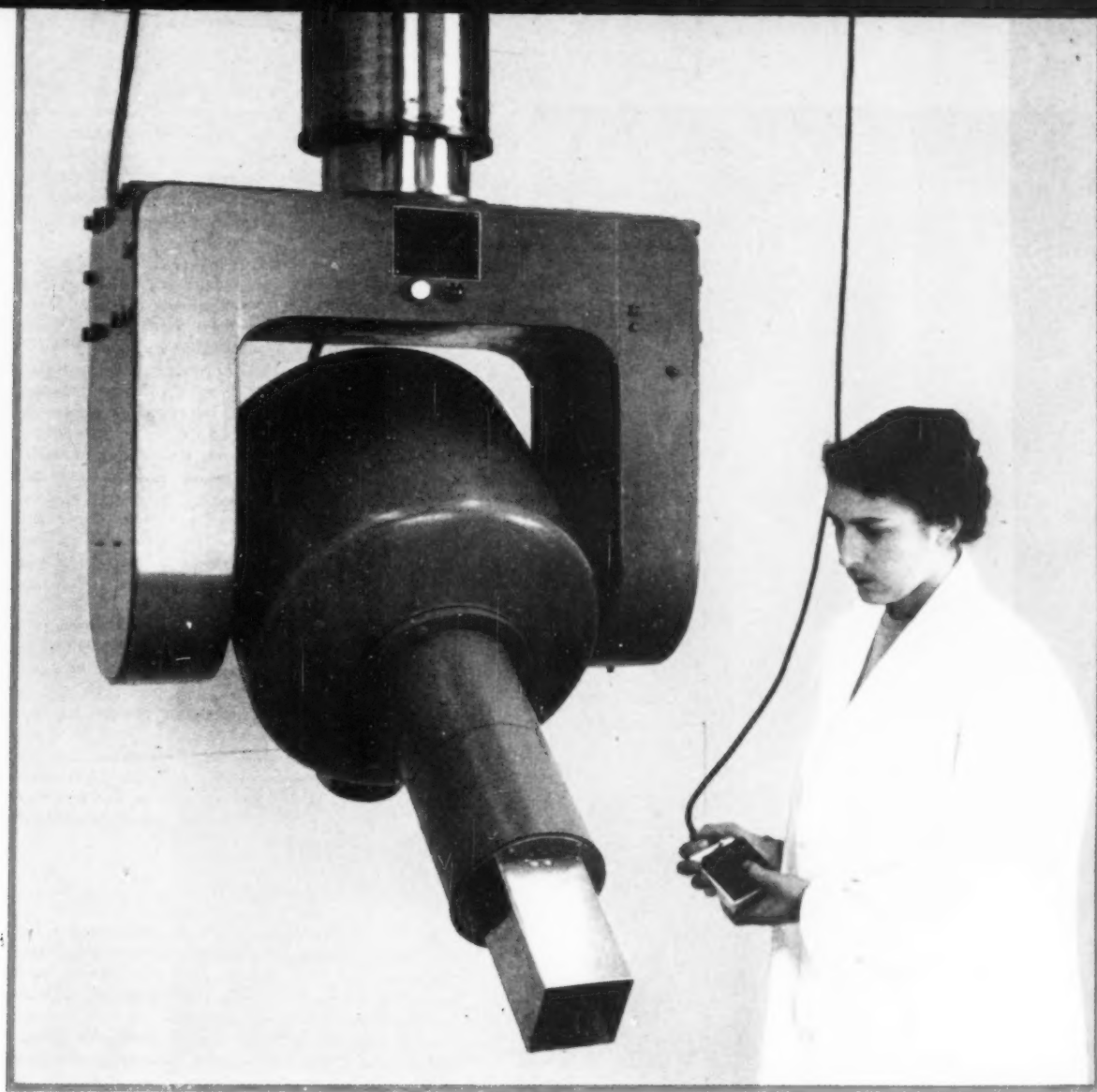
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Sylvia Fedoruk push-buttons Saskatchewan's potent cobalt-bomb machine into position to treat a cancer patient.



Physicist Dr. Harold Johns, born in China, designed the anti-cancer bomb, and heads Saskatchewan's pioneer unit. "We asked for it and we got it," he now says proudly.

The Atom Bomb That Saves Lives

Canadian scientists have turned the deadly atom into a dynamic healer. Three hundred times more powerful than radium and six thousand times cheaper, radioactive cobalt looks like our best bet yet in the war against cancer. And only Canada is equipped to produce it

By ERIC HUTTON

WORKMEN still swarmed over the new Saskatoon hospital being literally built around a small thick-walled room when nurse Dorothy Hayes ushered in a sixty-one-year-old man. Dr. Sandy Watson motioned him to lie face down on the couch in the middle of the room, then adjusted his position with careful precision. Dr. Harold Johns checked diagrams on a chart, fingered buttons on a panel hanging from the ceiling. Electric motors whirled softly and a barrel-sized lead drum, suspended by a thick telescopic tube from overhead rails, moved slowly toward the couch. The drum's long square snout sought its target until it aimed at an inward angle through the rim of a circle painted indelibly on the man's bare back.

A lead-shielded door closed behind them as the doctor, the physicist and the nurse left the room.

Its closing automatically connected the lead drum with a control panel in the next room. Behind the ten-inch-thick glass of his observation window the doctor flicked a switch, turned a dial, and started a time clock calibrated in minutes and seconds.

The couch started to revolve slowly. Briefly the drum's mechanism clicked. Then for seven and a half minutes no sound came from the inner room as six hundred million atomic gamma bullets per minute bombarded a cancer deep in the patient's body. In terms of radioactive power, it was as though half of all the radium in the world had been collected to treat this one man.

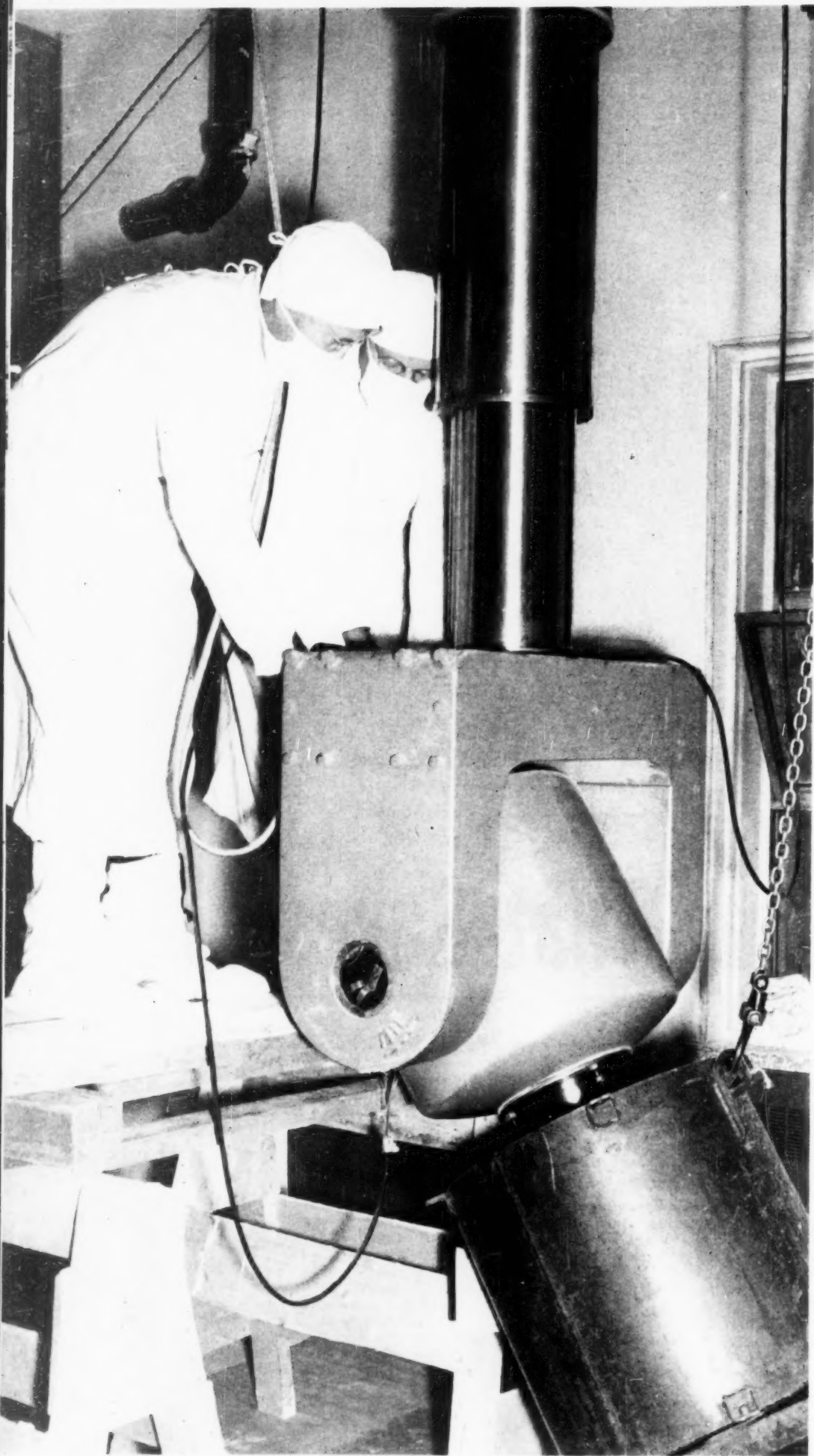
"Didn't feel a thing," the patient said cheerfully when it was over. "But the bed's a mite uncomfortable to lie on in one position for that long."

About the same time, more than a thousand miles away in an underground room at Victoria

Hospital, London, Ont., a forty-two-year-old housewife with cancer of the throat was receiving similar treatment under the second of the world's two cobalt bombs.

Six years after most of the men, women and children of two Japanese cities had been instantly killed or sentenced to slow death by an appalling new weapon, these two Canadians had become the world's first beneficiaries of bomb-sized atomic power. Now more patients are being added almost daily to the list of cancer sufferers under treatment by the newest and in many ways the most promising—answer to mankind's most insidious disease.

The heart of this beneficent Canadian atom bomb is a half-inch stack of cobalt discs, each the diameter of a twenty-five-cent piece and one fiftieth of an inch thick. The discs have spent a



Masks and gowns screen radioactive dust as scientists transfer "hot" cobalt to Saskatchewan's bomb.

hectic year in the inferno of the world's most powerful atomic pile at Chalk River, Ont. In fact, cobalt bombs can be made in no other pile, since only Canada's "uranium factory" possesses the high rate of flux—volume of neutron production necessary to energize cobalt units of such size and power.

In the Chalk River pile the cobalt discs have been saturated with radioactivity until they have become veritable stepbrothers of uranium itself. Now they are passing on that borrowed violence to destroy malignant tumors in human bodies.

How violent is radioactive cobalt? The radioactive power of the two existing units, physically small enough for a man to conceal in his fist for a few seconds before sudden death overtook him add up to slightly more than the combined power of all the medical radium units in the world. Even though they're buried in the centre of a ton and a half of highly absorbent lead, the cobalt bomb's angry gamma particles fight their way out in sufficient numbers to create measurable radioactivity in the room. The bomb's attendants must limit the time they spend in its company to guard against radiation sickness or worse.

But, to understand fully the magnitude of this power which Canadian scientists have harnessed, it must be realized that the "bomb" part of its name is not a courtesy title, nor a mere figure of speech. Produced more quickly and in larger quantities, radioactive cobalt is nothing less than the really hellish ingredient of the Hell bomb, otherwise known as the H-bomb or the hydrogen bomb, beside which the Hiroshima uranium bomb is a damp firecracker.

A Cloud That Could Kill

It was radioactive cobalt which brought from the world's greatest physicist, Albert Einstein, a warning that "annihilation of any life on earth has been brought within the range of technical possibilities."

Of the cobalt-hydrogen bomb, Professor Edward Teller, one of the Los Alamos scientists who made the preliminary studies on the H-bomb, has declared bluntly: "If it were to be released off our Pacific coast the whole country would be endangered. An enemy could make life hard or even impossible for us without delivering a single bomb into our territory."

How so innocent a metal as cobalt has suddenly been cast in a Jekyll-and-Hyde role is outlined, as far as the villainous part is concerned, by William L. Laurence, biographer of The Hell Bomb:

The casing of the bomb could be selected to produce an especially powerful radioactive substance. The very common element cobalt, when bombarded with neutrons, turns into an intensely radioactive element three hundred and twenty times more powerful than radium. Used as a bomb casing, the cobalt would be pulverized and converted into a gigantic radioactive cloud that would kill everything in the area it blankets. The wind would carry it thousands of miles, taking death to distant places.

But cobalt, a fairly common metal, has another quality: under atomic bombardment it converts neutrons into sixty times their own weight of radioactive cobalt. That double multiplication—a sixtyfold increase in neutron weight which in turn becomes three hundred and twenty times more powerful than radium—explains cobalt's tremendous power for good or evil. A modest one-ton H-bomb would produce two hundred and fifty pounds of neutrons, which become seven and a half tons of radioactive cobalt, the equivalent of 4,800,000 pounds of radium—or 4,799,996 more pounds of radium than there is in existence.

The radioactive cloud would haunt the earth for years, attacking human and animal life; poisoning rain, wells, lakes, streams, coastal waters and reservoirs; contaminating homes, buildings, farmlands and crops. In five years its potency would still be that of thirteen hundred tons of radium. And all from one H-bomb.

This, then, is the apocalypse which Canadian scientists have cut to manageable size, caged and converted into strong medicine for the sick.



John MacKay, builder of the Saskatoon bomb, demonstrates how it is used. At top: Nurse Pauline McConkey shows how technicians control the operation through a ten-inch glass window in an adjoining room. Actual patients have reported that they "didn't feel a thing."

The steps from mass murder to what medical scientists predict will soon become mass therapy are fairly simple, if ultra-astronomical figures don't faze you. The Chalk River uranium pile is literally a huge atom bomb, permanently defused by graphite rods which separate the uranium units and prevent the buildup of explosive temperatures. Inside the pile countless billions of neutrons emitted by the uranium are flying in all directions. When a stable element like cobalt is placed in the pile it becomes a target for the flying neutrons. From time to time a neutron scores a bull's-eye on a cobalt atom, upsetting its stability by leaving a charge of electricity inside the atom. It's only a question of time before that "wounded" cobalt atom explodes violently, giving off a shower of

high-velocity beta and gamma particles of energy.

After a year of bombardment most of the cobalt atoms have been hit. Enough, at any rate, to explode at the initial rate of 3,300,000,000,000,000 explosions per minute, and slowing to half that output at the end of five years, three months and eighteen days.

A process of diminishing returns results in a mere six hundred billion radiations per minute reaching the cancer in that patient on the revolving couch. What happens to the cancer when atomic power attacks it is, strangely enough, very like what had happened to the cobalt in the uranium pile. The cobalt's gamma bullets penetrate into the tumor. A few of them (if the term "few" can be applied to any fraction of a figure like six

hundred billions) find just the right target; some of the electrons surrounding the atoms which constitute the cancer cells are knocked askew, and these malignant atoms themselves become unstable ionized is the scientific term.

The cancer cell does not quite complete the cycle by becoming explosively radioactive in its turn. But its instability renders it no longer able to perform like a living growing cell—specifically a cell growing in that unnatural uncontrolled manner which is cancer. It is not necessary to knock out every cell to stop cancer growth. When a certain number have been ionized the rest seem to give up—healthy cells take over and repair the damage the cancer had caused.

Unfortunately, flesh

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A BUTCHER TALKS BACK

Fed-up with being accused of hiking meat prices to pay for a penthouse in Miami this butcher lays the facts on the block and makes mincemeat of some of his complaining customers

By **LEN EDWARDS**

PHOTOS BY DESMOND RUSSELL

In 1939 butcher Edwards sold the leg of beef for what he has to charge today for the rolled rib roast. Yet his grandfather made more profit.



WHEN I was five I got out my little red wagon and delivered a parcel of meat for my grandfather, an Old Country butcher who had come to Canada in 1908 and opened a meat store in Peterborough, Ont. I knocked at a door and said to a little old lady: "My Grandpa said fifty-seven cents, please."

"Fifty-seven cents!" she said. "You sure he said that, little boy, or are you just saving up for a lollipop?"

The customers still say the same thing to me, except, now that I own the store, they ask me if I'm saving up for a Packard. In those thirty-five years, while I worked for my grandfather, then my father, and finally for myself, I've seen people do a lot of things usually to me. Some of my customers throw pork chops at me, tell me I'm in cahoots with the farmer, that I'm gypping the farmer, glare at me for sneezing, accuse me of weighing my thumb, squeeze my chickens, put their hands under my knife just as I'm going to slice something, and get me into guessing games about what they want for supper that sound as if we were playing Animal, Vegetable or Mineral. But the thing that really bothers me is when they try to pin world inflation on me.

I pay more for tires than I did ten years ago; more for shirts, shorts, shoeshines, shoe gin; pants, pepper, plumbing and my wife's permanents. But for some reason I'm the villain of the postwar world because I have to charge more for my meat. Whenever people talk about the high cost of living they always say, "Look at the price of meat." Why does everyone look at the price of meat? I hate to look at it myself, but I can't do anything about it.

I sell the best meat I can buy at the lowest price I can afford. In 1938 my Dad paid \$18.36 for a side of beef and sold it for \$26.70, a gross profit on selling price of 31.2 percent. The same side costs me \$93.33. I sell it at \$104.53, or a profit on selling price of \$11.20 or 10.7 percent. Yet I pay twice as much for light and water as my Dad did back in 1938, four times as much for delivery, four times as much for paper, three times as much for rent, and more than twice as much for wages.

I'm finding it harder and harder to laugh at the little amateur dramas my customers stage in front of my scales. Some gasp like a maiden aunt getting a bit of scandal. Some stagger back and lean against the wall. And there's the comic who says, "Would you mind getting me a chair? I think I'm going to faint." Sometimes they just say, "You guys are just pricing yourself out of business," and walk out.

It seems as though some people now take a poke at the butcher automatically, without even thinking about it. A woman the other day bought two pork chops. They came to twenty-five cents. She snapped her purse closed and said, "Isn't that awful? When is meat going to stop going up?" I thought I had her.

"Madam," I said. "Pork has dropped twenty-eight percent in the past six months."

"Is that so?" she said. "Isn't it awful? The poor farmer is losing money all the time."

I get 10.7 percent markup on my beef, a sixteen-percent average over all the meat I sell. Yet during the price-control period even the government allowed me a markup of between 25 and 30 percent. I'm making less profit than my grandfather did and getting into ten times as much trouble. My grandfather sold meat at a thirty-percent profit fifty years ago, a period in the world's history that lots of people still refer to as the good old days.

I'm glad I'm a butcher, but when things are quiet I lean on my block and wonder about the queer things some of my customers do and say the minute they get into a butcher store. For instance, they like to poke their fingers into my meat. After thirty-five years I still can't tell a good piece of meat by poking it. But my customers poke their fingers into roasts, jab them into chops, stick them into steaks. Chickens they like to squeeze and they get mad when I mention that they shouldn't. Half of them, after they've poked at a piece of meat, don't buy it.

One woman was just the opposite of most. She always insisted on me poking my finger into her

steak and telling her if it was tender. I'd tell her, "Honest, lady, you don't tell whether steaks are tender by feeling them." But she insisted. It became a ritual. I had a helper at that time who used to come over to me and whisper, "Would you mind blessing this steak for Mrs. Jones, boss?" I'd come over, solemnly jab it with my finger, say, "It's lovely," and she'd be happy.

There's something about cutting meat that many people love to watch, but they crowd me so close I live in terror that someday I'm going to lop off someone's hand. A man will come in and say he wants a steak. I'll get the meat down on the block, poise my razor-sharp knife above it and say, "About there?" He'll say, "Yep, that's about right." I get ready to cut. He slides his finger under the knife and says, "Nope, by George, you can cut 'er a bit thicker—about there."

I've come so close to cutting people's fingers off that I've shaken for an hour after. It got so bad that a few years ago I built a little white picket fence around the block, but the customers leaned against it so hard they pushed it over. I built a glass-partitioned room at the back of the store. Sometimes I'd have to race down the store to head off some kid who was running for my knives while his mother was looking for something for supper, so I finally kept the door locked. It worked fine. The customers would push on it, bang on it, rattle it, flatten their noses against it, but they couldn't get in. Except one Saturday morning when I forgot to lock it, and before I could get it shut the place was as crowded as a Toronto streetcar.

Some women like to make me guess what they want for supper. One woman, an old customer, whom I like very much, comes in once a week, drapes herself across the counter, looks a bit sad, and we go into a routine.

"Hello, Mrs. Smith. What would you like today?"

"Well, I don't know."

"Would you like a nice cut of beef?"

"Well—"

I go up and down a side of beef, smilingly pointing out the cuts, like an assistant professor of anatomy.

She keeps saying, "No."

"Would you like a roast of pork?"

She shakes her head. "I had one a week ago."

"Veal?"

"I had veal a long time ago and my husband didn't like it."

"Lamb?"

"I don't like lamb."

"Would you like something in pickled meats," I say.

"I don't think so."

We move into the next stage. I come back to the beef. "Well," I say, with a little laugh. "That brings us right back to the beef, doesn't it?"

A Pig's Just Made That Way

Half the time she takes it. The other half she says, "I think I'll have a pound of sausages." After three years she can still think of something I missed.

But she's better than the ones that won't speak at all. The other day a woman came in, looked at me suspiciously and said, "Porterhouse steak, please." I got a quarter, flopped it down on the block and asked her if she liked it. She nodded. I cut off a piece and said, "That's a pound and a quarter, would you like it rolled?" She didn't answer. I went back and rolled it. She said, "I didn't want it rolled." I said, "I'm sorry, Madam. I'll get you another one." She said, "I can't wait. Just give me ten cents' worth of headcheese."

People seem to get madder at the butcher than at anyone else. A few weeks ago a woman with a thick fur coat and a refined look came in and asked for three pork chops. I started a new loin, took the first cut and the next two. There's nothing wrong with the first cut; it just isn't as good as the other two. I can't help it. A pig is made that way.

She paid for them and left. About an hour later

she stood before me again, quietly unwrapping a parcel.

"An hour ago," she said, "I came in here for three pork chops."

I eased back.

"You gave me two pork chops—"

I eased back farther.

"—and THIS!"

She wound up and threw the first cut at me. I ducked and it hit the scales, sending them up to thirty pounds, and slithered down into my thinly sliced bacon.

Half the time when a woman gets mad at the butcher it's because she doesn't know how to cook. A woman will come in and ask for a good cut of beef. I pick her a good one, of well-hung, red-brand yearling beef, the very best, the only kind I carry. It can't

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Well, here we go again!



Heavens! That much?



Oh well, we do have to eat.



THE RIDDLE OF LOUIS RIEL

A MACLEAN'S FLASHBACK IN TWO PARTS

In four days' fighting one thousand of the Queen's men defeated the two hundred rebels entrenched at Batoche, Sask., and ended Canada's last major insurrection. Seventy years later its controversial leader is still flailed as a traitor and hailed as a patriot

By W. O. MITCHELL

ILLUSTRATED BY HAROLD TOWN

Conclusion

ON THE NIGHT of March 29, 1885, the sleeping citizens of Toronto and other Eastern towns and cities were awakened by the shrill high bugle call of assembly announcing that out in the Saskatchewan north, which they knew only as a land of buffalo, Indians, halfbreeds, Mounted Police and gophers, a forty-year-old métis by the name of Louis Riel had led his followers in an armed insurrection near Duck Lake. The Mounted Police forces of Superintendent Crozier had been almost wiped out. Louis Riel, Red River boy, ex-member of parliament, once president for a few months of the Red River settlement, executioner of Thomas Scott, and onetime Montana school-teacher, was at war with the Dominion of Canada.

To his people, the descendants of the fur traders and the buffalo hunters, in whose veins coursed the wild blood of the Sioux and the Cree and the Blackfoot, he had been the founder fifteen years before of the new province of Manitoba. To Sir John A. Macdonald and his followers he was a

political thorn and an annoying conscience, which had forced the Dominion government after years of hopeless petitioning to pay attention to the grievances of métis and white settlers in the northwest.

Now the métis had an answer to their "bill of rights" asking for provincial status, title to their land, a fair deal for the Indians: five thousand men under General Frederick Middleton, leaving for the northwest to "protect the lives and honor of women who had been exposed to the savage lawlessness of the Indians of the plains."

In the shoes and stockings they had worn as salesmen, clerks, students, factory workers, teachers, piano tuners, waiters, carpenters, farmers, they marched across the ice at the head of Lake Superior.

Riel's new antagonist and head of the newly formed Canadian militia was a walrus-mustached man in his sixties, educated in Royal Military College, Sandhurst, who had fought against the Maoris in New Zealand, marched to the relief of

Lucknow, served in Burma, and had almost won a Victoria Cross. General Middleton, who was stolidly stubborn and inclined to ignore the advice of others, alienated many officers in his northwest forces and, soon after going west, adopted a supercilious attitude toward the country.

His first move toward restoring order in the northwest was to abolish drinking by his soldiers. "Let them drink hot tea," he said.

His activities were well reported; with him traveled reporters from the Montreal Star, the Toronto Mail and Globe, the Winnipeg Free Press, Sun, and Times, and Massey's Trip Hammer magazine. The St. Paul Pioneer Press was represented by a writer. The London Standard had sent G. A. Henty, whose boys' books were the forerunners of those by Horatio Alger Jr.

The war to follow saw the use of a new weapon: the Gatling gun. It was accompanied by a representative of an American armament firm interested in giving it an authentic tryout.



Riel and his council had their headquarters at Batoche, where they were kept well informed of the movements of Middleton and his army. The métis, quite aware of the gravity of their situation, prepared to defend themselves, a little puzzled all the same that the government which had refused for fifteen years to hear their grievances or to spend a moderate amount of money to come to their aid had now put out a great deal of money to come to fight them. Riel's forces numbered about three hundred and fifty, two hundred of them adequately armed.

When Gabriel Dumont, Riel's military commander, realized Middleton's army was moving slowly and ponderously toward them on foot, he

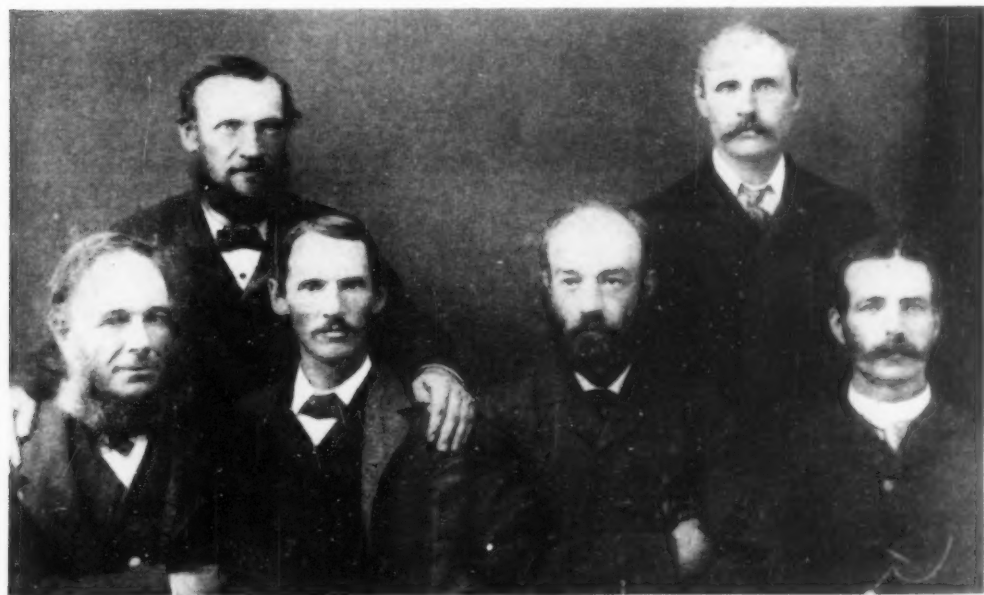
was jubilant. "Why, we'll handle them just the way we do the buffalo," he said. But the idea of mounted métis stampeding the Canadian soldiers, riding through them and picking them off one by one, was repugnant to Riel. Dumont argued: harass them during the night, avoid them but tire them, make prairie warfare, fall back always; demoralize the soldiers by keeping them from advancing in daylight and keeping them from sleep at night. But Riel had heard terrible news: there were Canadian troops in Middleton's army. He would not allow the Indian warfare Dumont asked for, especially against their own kind.

"You can't make an omelet without breaking a few eggs," said Dumont. "If you'd let me do

it my way, I'd begin by blowing up the railroads, then I'd attack the troops and never let them rest. We're on our home ground but we're so poorly armed that we ought to use every way we can." Dumont was positive that in three days he could send Middleton back completely beaten. Riel won out; Middleton was permitted to get all the way to Fish Creek, eighteen miles from Batoche, without a shot being fired.

On the morning of April 24 reveille sounded just before daylight in Middleton's camp; coyotes put noses to the sky and answered the buglers; the men stirred, breakfasted, struck tents, and loaded up for the march. Sixteen mounted scouts went ahead in skirmish

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The men who found Riel guilty. From left: Francis Cosgrave, Walter Merryfield, Edwin J. Brooks, H. Deane, Henry J. Painter and Edward Everett. A trial in the east was refused.



Not even Queen Victoria's intervention could save Riel and he died on the Regina gallows.



"I hope you're not expecting me to horse-whip him, Philippa. It's more or less frowned on these days. Anyway I haven't a horse-whip."

Philippa Takes

*The frail and lovely lady novelist intercepted a right
to the jaw, but the way it worked out
a sardonic critic called O'Connel took the full force of it*

I OPENED my door. Victoria, Philippa Clarges' maid, stood on the step. She handed me this note: "Robert, it is essential, vital that I see you. I need your sympathy, advice, counsel, Philippa Clarges."

It was characteristic Clarges—the style of the summons and the shunning of the mundane telephone. Philippa never wasted time seeking the *not juste*. She lavishly sprayed her pages with whatever came into her head, and one hundred thousand readers regularly appeared to love it.

I put the note in my pocket, gave Victoria a bunch of the hothouse grapes I had won at the Black Dog playing dominoes, took the remainder for myself, and set off for Philippa's.

Though it was late June the May blossom was in bloom and the hedges were creamy white and the air was heavy with its rich honey-smell. As we walked I ate my grapes but Victoria was too well brought up to eat out of doors.

We turned into Philippa's garden gateway and approached the attractive house built of russet stone which, in certain lights, took on a misty purple overtone. It had a studded oak door in a graceful pointed archway, deep mullioned windows and sparkling diamond panes. Laburnum trees wept their golden tears in pretty melancholy over the path.

Inside it was as cool and fresh as the underside of a waterfall. Philippa sat at her little satinwood cabinet-writing-table by Sheraton. She was an unbelievably beautiful woman, in spite of the fact that she had been thirty-seven for somewhat longer than is customary. Her profile had the pure hard delicacy, the silvery precision of a face on a medallion. Her husband, who had died in France in 1940 as gallantly as one would have expected, once said: "Damn it, beside her, old boy, I feel like a great elephant with mud on its feet." She even made me who was fond of her but not in love feel a trifle green and young and knobbly.

She turned. "What have you been doing to your hair, Robert?"

"Nothing. I haven't even combed it."

She rose from her writing table and progressed to her Sheraton

chaise longue which was upholstered in white and gold. She floated into a semireclining position and waved a transparent hand at the far backless end of the chaise longue. I obeyed and sat down beside her exquisitely articulated ankles and long slender El Greco feet. For five seconds she remained silent staring sombrely at the lyre-shaped fire screen, also Sheraton, fulfilling its arduous role of doing-nothing-useful-elegantly with rare grace.

"It's devilish. Envenomed. Virulent," she said and she rose and went to her writing table again. She returned with a clipping which she held as though it might at any moment turn on her and bury its septic fangs in her wrist. "Read that, if you please."

A bumblebee, his amber and black fur coat as dusty with pollen as a riller's with flour, buzzed and stubbornly tapped his horny head against one of the panes of the French window.

The clipping had been cut from the New Tribunal, a literary review. It was headed: "Trumpet From Beyond The Moon, by Philippa Clarges. Simon & Blasgate. 10 6." It was a review of Philippa's latest novel and was signed: "John Bulmer."

"Unquestionably," wrote Bulmer, "in *Trumpet From Beyond The Moon* a pretentious title, incidentally, for a banal theme—Mrs. Clarges has written another best seller." And that first sentence was the politest thing Bulmer had to say. From that point the heat was turned on and maintained steadily white for a thousand words of about as able abuse as I had read for some time. Not one aspect of Philippa's slapdashery had escaped Bulmer's withering eye. "These towering two-dimensional characters lit garishly by a light that never was on land or sea . . . an orchidaceous bedlam of promiscuous women and troglodyte men in Savile Row suits with the latest catchwords on their lips . . . a ragbag of bogus philosophy and monstrously false values. It is a grave commentary on our times that copies of this book will soon be lying on the night tables beside a myriad beds from London to Montreal, to New York, to Sydney."

I looked at Philippa out of the corner of my eye. One thing was certain: it would never occur to her that, whips, scorpions and



corrosive acid apart, what this bold fellow had to say was by no means off the mark.

"Well, Robert?"

Reluctantly I raised my eyes. "A bit harsh."

Her nostrils flared. "Your foolish habit of understatement, Robert, has always been your undoing as a man of letters. It is quite obvious to me after reflection that this man is mad."

I twisted one of my ears, said nothing.

"Psychopathic. The whole article is a paroxysm of impotent rage, frustration, envy." She turned her beautiful profile toward me as she looked out of the window on to the lawn gilded by the sun. "Robert, I want you to see this man for me."

"I hope you're not expecting me to horsewhip him or something, Philippa. It's more or less frowned on these days. Anyway I haven't a horsewhip."

"Please be serious. And believe me when I say I have no wish to hurt this unfortunate man. I shall reason with him, reassure him. With guidance and encouragement he might undertake some work of his own and sublimate his frustration."

That Philippa was fundamentally kind and generous I had never

doubted but this talk of guidance shook me a little. Bulmer's style was violent but there were one or two phrases that cut like a blade and which Philippa could not have evolved from the facile theatrical workshop of her mind if she had tried from then until doomsday.

"I've never heard of Bulmer before," I said. The truth was that I was a little surprised to find Philippa attacked in the *New Tribunal*. Normally literary reviews didn't interest themselves in her or if they did it was in a jocular tongue-in-the-cheek fashion. "It's probably a pen name anyway. How could I go to him?"

"Oh, it is a pseudonym. I have already rung up the editor and he refuses almost rudely to divulge the man's real name."

"He's undoubtedly right to do so, Philippa. You know that."

"I also know, Robert, that you have a number of dubious friends in London, hangers-on to the skirts of literature, who will either know the name of this man or who will certainly have the means of discovering it."

A horse-drawn mowing machine clicked and whirled lazily in the warm fragrant air. The bumblebee had succeeded in getting in and was resting in the musky bosom of an opulent *Madame Koo* rose. My bit of the chaise

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The Count

By RONALD R. SMITH

ILLUSTRATED BY BARLING VILLI





WHAT KIND OF CANADIANS ARE WE GETTING?

For five years Canada stalled on immigration and lost thousands of desirable citizens to Australia. Now our gates are open but our most adaptable settler, the British family man, finds it hardest to get in

Lowest priority on ships from Britain is given to emigrants, who sometimes must wait six months, get fed-up and settle elsewhere.

If he or his family gets sick in his first year the immigrant sometimes finds himself a "forgotten man" with heavy bills to pay and few offering help.



By FRED BODSWORTH

PHOTOS BY RONNY JAKUES



Families get split under Canada's plan; loans are only enough to bring father.

HISTORIANS may look back at 1951 as one of the great turning-point years of Canada's history. After five postwar years of half-heartedly humming and hawing over immigration Canada last year finally embarked on a forthright policy that looks at last like a genuine attempt to make up for lost time.

In the first nine months of 1951 almost one hundred and thirty thousand bewildered immigrants tossed their bundles on Canadian docksides and struck out to carve new homes for themselves and whether we realize it or not a new Canada for the rest of us. It now looks as if 1951 will have a total considerably more than double 1950's, possibly the biggest single-year immigrant total since Canada's historic immigration boom year of 1913. (Estimate for 1951: 170,000. Previous bumper years: 166,000 in 1928, 400,000 in 1913.)

Since war's end Canada has opened its doors to an average of eighty-five thousand immigrants a year. For the next five and possibly ten years, if economic conditions remain favorable, Canada aims at admitting from one hundred and fifty thousand to two hundred thousand a year.

This is the most significant development affecting Canada today. For the newcomers are not merely new wage-earners they are future neighbors and fellow citizens who will vote in our elections and help us, if need be, to defend our freedoms. Among them and their children will be the wives and husbands of many of our own present-day school-going sons and daughters. Among them are some of tomorrow's industrial and political leaders. The characteristics, moral fibre, skills and racial composition of the hundreds of thousands of immigrants now pouring through our reception centres will leave their mark on Canada forever.

We would be stupid indeed not to ask: How are we doing on immigration? Whom are we getting? Do they like us? Do we like them? Are we adequately screening out the undesirables?

With six hundred thousand immigrants admitted since the war and our new speeded-up immigration policy now tested for a year, the time is opportune for an immigration stock-taking.

I have talked to federal and provincial officials in charge of immigration, to the Opposition's immigration critics, to case workers in church and immigrant-aid societies and to immigrants themselves. I listened to Protestants complain we are admitting too many non-Protestants. Roman Catholics told me we are admitting too many non-Catholics. Anglo-Canadians claim we are admitting too many non-British. According to Canadians we are admitting too many non-French.

We have made mistakes. We are still making mistakes. We have admitted misfits and troublemakers. But one thing is sure: in spite of some sectarian disagreements we have and are admitting hundreds of thousands of new Canadians whose choice of our shores as their new homeland will be to our everlasting benefit.

Even with restrictions on removal of funds in most European countries, immigrants arriving between 1945 and 1950 brought with them more than two hundred million dollars of new capital. At last count they had established about seventy-five new industries in Canada, creating more than six thousand new jobs with a net production of more than fifty million dollars a year.

Their skills, cultures and technical knowledge have ranged from ballet to the production of artificial feathers. In B. C. a couple of German forestry engineers have introduced new methods of drying lumber so that trees previously of little value are now going into plywoods and boxes. At Saint John, N.B., the city's gift to Princess Elizabeth was a thirty-two-piece stoneware coffee set designed and made by ceramic artists who a few years ago were unknown Danish immigrants. Corduroy, previously a textile import from Britain, is now for the first time being produced in Canada, thanks to a Czech who brought his technical know-how to St. Hyacinthe, Que.

"And when you're talking about immigrant contributions to Canada," reminded an official of the Department of Citizenship and Immigration, "don't forget they're going to make a great impact on Canada's cradle population in the next ten years. That's where the impact of immigration really comes that second generation."

This is the positive, the rosy side of Canada's immigration stock-taking the version that Ottawa's zealous publicity men are anxious to give to all comers. What are the things they don't tell?

They don't tell you, for example, that Canada dallied for five years while Australia pressed an aggressive policy that turned into new Australians tens of thousands of people who would have made highly desirable Canadians.

They don't tell you that our most adaptable class of immigrant, the Briton, is an ever-declining proportion of our total immigration, that circumstances and our immigration policy are loaded heavily in the continental European's favor.

They don't tell you that during his first year in Canada the immigrant is the forgotten man from the point of view of welfare assistance. We have a normally efficient system of getting him to work and of teaching him English if he needs it, but if he runs up a hospital bill he's harried like an embezzler until he pays up.

They don't tell that our policy of holding many immigrant groups to a twelve-month laboring contract, regardless of the immigrant's professional standing, has embittered some professionals and intellectuals so sorely they'll never forget it sufficiently to genuinely love, and be loyal to, Canada.

Nor do they tell that our overseas system of detecting and screening out potential political troublemakers lacks teeth.

When war ended in 1945 there were more people in Europe looking for a new place in which to start life anew than in any recent period of the world's history. But at war's end Canada had no clear idea of what it wanted to do about them.

We let in one hundred thousand displaced persons a humanitarian move. We admitted those who came forward of their own free will and could pass our rather stiff requirements. But for five years we talked about Canada's need for immigrants and carefully avoided going out of our way to encourage them. We muffed our opportunity. Australia seized it.

While Canada sat back Australia jumped in with an immigrant-recruiting campaign that combined the best features of salesmanship and evangelism. In four years before 1950 she attracted four hundred and forty thousand immigrants while Canada attracted fewer than three hundred and sixty thousand. To have done as well in proportion to its population Canada would have had to admit seven hundred and seventy-five thousand.

Finally, in 1949, the Federal Department of Labor, harried by demands for skilled and common workers, launched a behind-the-scenes campaign for a more aggressive policy. There was a fight at cabinet level over who was going to superintend immigration. When the smoke cleared a new department emerged the Department of Citizenship and Immigration.

Another full year slipped by before we really got moving. In that year (1950) Australia took in one hundred and seventy-five thousand immigrants while we were getting seventy-four thousand.

In mid-1950 Canada began instructing its immigration staff to be salesmen instead of gatemen. We opened offices in Europe, relaxed restrictions and established a loan plan to help immigrants with steamship fare. For

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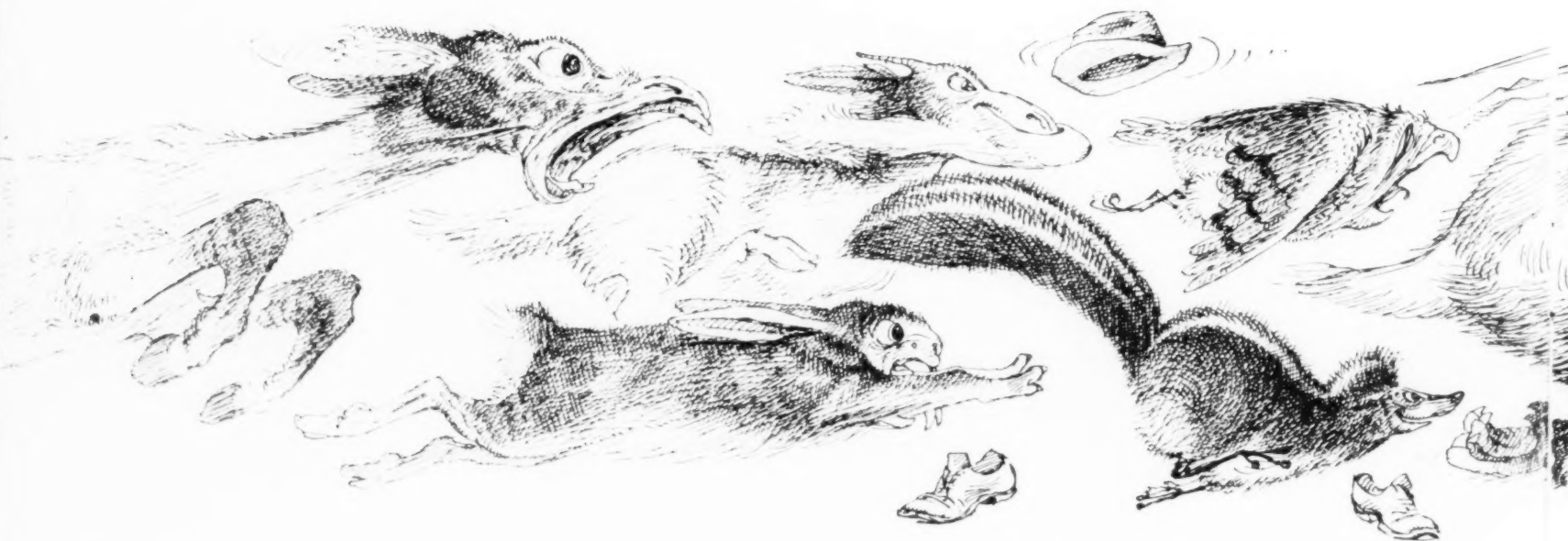




ROBERT THOMAS ALLEN:

Wild

As soon as he moved to the country Bob was surrounded, and for years now he's been battling little enemies that fly, creep and sometimes defeat him by just going "squeek" at three in the morning



Animals I Have Known... Slightly

MOST THINGS in this life, I've found, never turn out quite the way you expect. When I was seventeen, dreaming of someday becoming a free-lance writer and being able to live where I pleased, I always pictured myself with one foot on a rail fence, chewing a piece of timothy and looking into the sunset or sitting in a leafy glen, or in the shelter of a sand dune, with my writing pad on my knee, looking a bit like a picture I'd once seen of John Galsworthy. When I actually was able to live this sort of life (twenty years later than I'd planned) I found that what I actually did most of the time was fight with wild animals, usually in my pyjamas and armed only with a broom, with my wife, white-faced and loyal, standing behind me with a rock in case I missed.

Not that I have any regrets. I simply point out something overlooked by most people who think it's only necessary to get away from a time clock to become part of a pastoral idyl. Outside the city millions of things are champing their teeth, rubbing their paws, filling scent bags, waving feelers, mooing, neighing, pawing, stomping, whimpering, screeching, gibbering, gnawing through woodwork and running under woodwork. This will come as no surprise to people born in the country. It did to me. I was born within sound of malted-milk machines and the snick of traffic lights. At that I probably would have adapted myself if I hadn't been trying to combine these things with a city life. I was trying to live in the country, with my supply lines deep in the city. At times it was a lot like repairing a transmission line in a starched shirt.

For instance, once when I was staying in a cottage on Lake Simcoe I had a showdown with a skunk at six in the morning. Now, with a farmer or a prospector or an explorer, this would have been all in the day's work. He would have spent the rest of the day far from his fellow man, out in the fields or deep in the woods, getting deodorized by the sun and wind. But two hours

later I was having lunch with the editor of a woman's magazine that advertises chiefly expensive perfume, who kept looking at my suit and secretly smelling the soup and French bread. I kept talking fast, telling jokes and laughing at them, smoking cigarettes continually and ignoring her puzzled little frown while I tried to talk her into having a cigarette with her soup and ice cream. That sort of thing can make you look a bit queer.

It had all started when I discovered I had a skunk under a cottage I'd rented for six months (being a free-lance writer). I found that skunks only move out for July and August, the peak of the tourist season. I let the thing alone, sentimentally believing that if you leave them alone, they'll leave you alone. Then one night several things happened at once. At 4:30 a.m., while sleeping on the porch under the stars, I awoke to find myself being strafed by bats that lived in the eaves right over my head and at the same time realized that my skunk was having a fight with something under the floor. I don't know who won. I know that if it wasn't the skunk it was a hollow victory for the other animal. I bolted for the bedroom, startling the bat who emitted tiny screams, which made me emit tiny screams, and helped my wife, who was racing around closing windows. Later, as I went around spraying the bedroom with cologne, I decided the friendship between me and the skunk was an impossible one. The next morning I built a box trap from a diagram I found in an old boy-scout guide, determined to cart the skunk off and turn him loose in a forest. An old-timer told me: "Won't do a thing as long as you handle him nice and gentle." I set the trap and forgot about it, with a city boy's conviction that traps only worked in adventure stories. I heard the lid clunk down at five-thirty in the morning just as I was having a last cup of coffee before setting off for the city with a manuscript. I couldn't leave my wife there with a live skunk in a box. I already was leaving her without any housekeeping allowance. I put

the box in the trunk of the car and started off as if I were carrying the crown jewels.

I stopped at a place where I figured I'd like to live if I were a skunk, put the trap in the grass and, while a blue jay and a squirrel looked on, gently pulled the lid back by a long cord. The skunk stayed in the box. I took a branch and tapped the end. Nothing happened. I got a bit impatient and gave the box a kick, running away at the same time. My pants caught in some brambles, I staggered and fell onto my hands and knees, cracking several dead branches and sounding so much like a charging grizzly that the blue jay screamed and the squirrel shot around the tree chattering hysterically. I got up but not fast enough. The skunk had come out this time. The last I saw of him he was heading slowly for a stump, looking alive and well, but it must have taken him a year or so to get recharged. Incidentally, I sold the manuscript. I've never seen an editor make such a quick decision in my life.

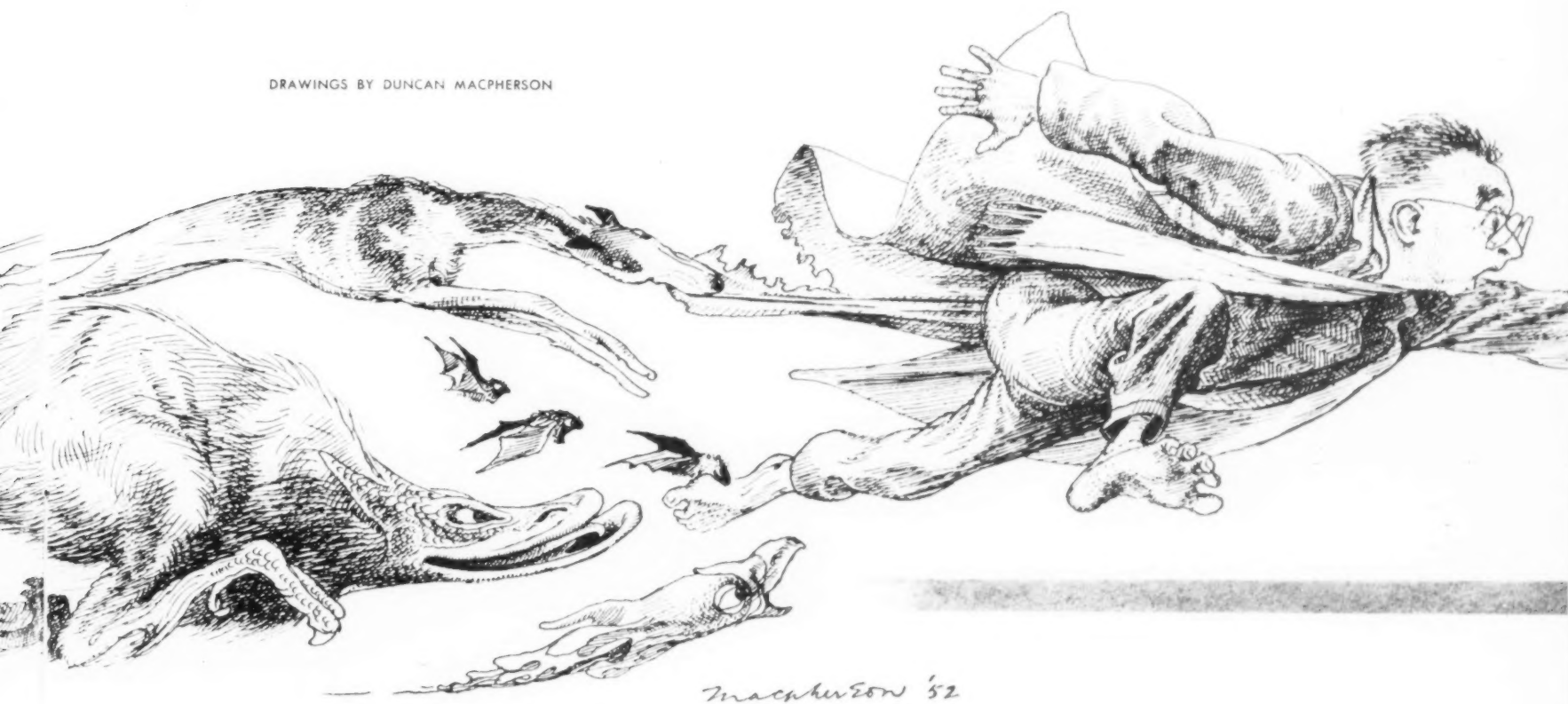
I've tried to hold my own against chipmunks, black squirrels, red squirrels, weasels, raccoons, robins and things I never see but which often squeak at three in the morning and always when I'm working hard to meet a deadline with an article. Sometimes I think I'm winning. Sometimes I think I'm slowly being driven back to the city.

One winter we went to Florida, partly to escape the snow and partly to get away from the small animals which had moved into our lives. But once established in a beach cottage among the sand dunes and palmettos I quickly learned that below the Mason and Dixon line varmints are smaller and faster and frequently come in models equipped with more than four legs.

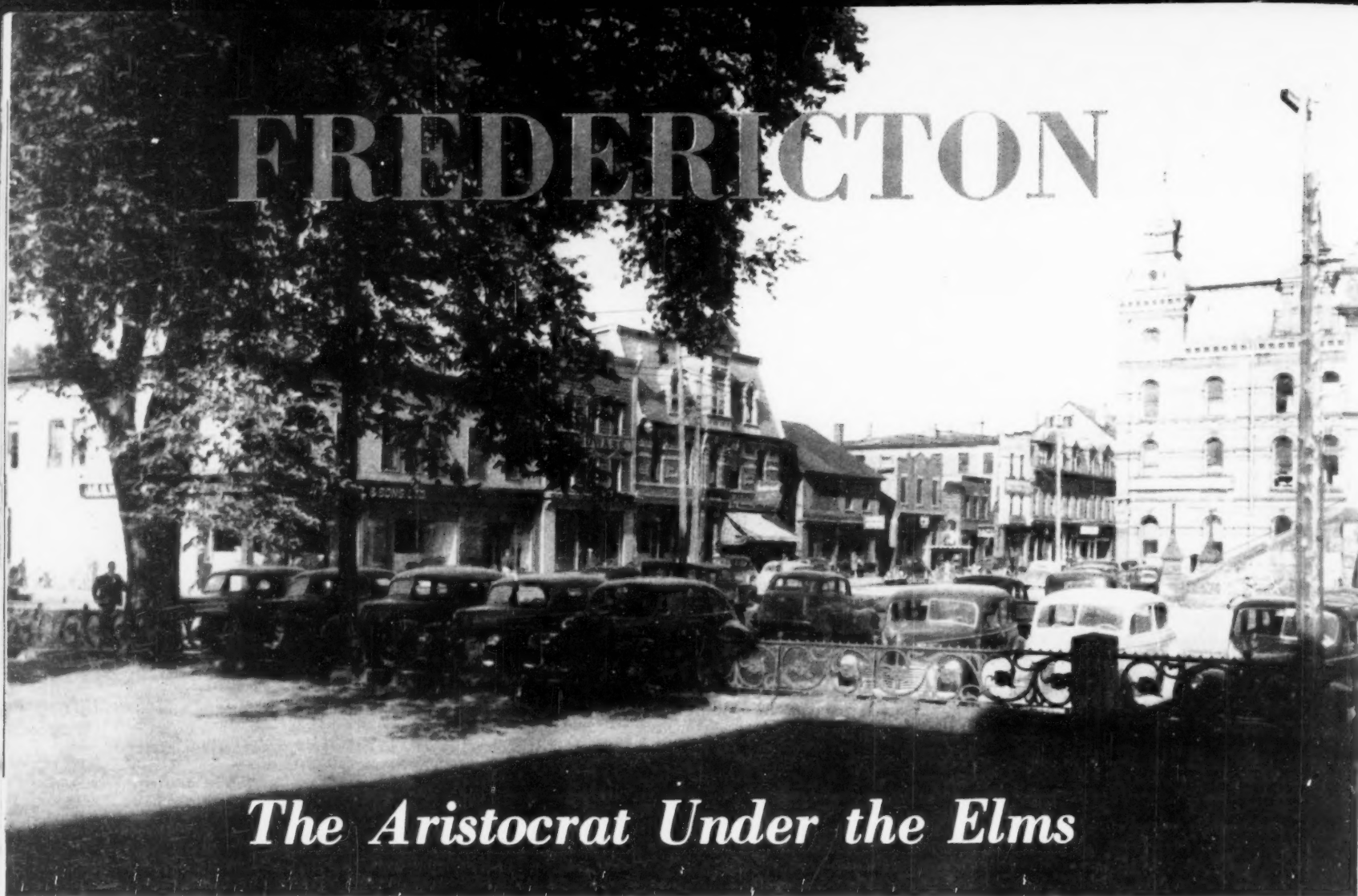
The first time I saw a southern cockroach running across the floor I glanced quickly at my wife, got up calmly feeling a bit like Drake finishing his game of bowls, picked up a wastepaper basket and slapped it over the cockroach, yelling to my wife that I was

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DRAWINGS BY DUNCAN MACPHERSON



FREDERICTON



The Aristocrat Under the Elms

New Brunswick's capital is the kind of place a man can fall in love with at first sight. And very soon he's eating fiddleheads, angling for salmon in the St. John, or even writing verses and stopping to chat with Lord Beaverbrook

FREDERICTON, New Brunswick's odd and exciting little capital, has the elegance and grace of a scholarly old aristocrat but the earthy humor and horse sense of a robust young farmer. Sitting under tall elms on the banks of the St. John River, it shows its split personality at every turn.

It produced Bliss Carman and Sir Charles Roberts and Francis Sherman and has a life-sized statue of Robert Burns on the main street to bespeak its deep admiration for poets. But it is never more amused than when Rabbie's noble brow is crowned with a chamber pot—a stunt some prankster pulls regularly.

With a scant sixteen thousand residents it stubbornly upholds the social amenities. It's one of the few small centres in Canada where most males have evening clothes that nearly fit, where paying formal calls remains a ritual, and where polite conversation is larded with quotations from the classics. But it has such a practical streak that when a man caught a three-hundred-pound sturgeon and couldn't market it locally he was allowed to keep it alive in the ornamental pool in front of the city hall until he could arrange to sell it in the United States.

Its dowagers may sport lorgnettes, but their steamed brown bread and baked beans are wonderful, and when a neighbor is in trouble they rush to the rescue. They're majestic, but not snobbish.

Fredericton is like that. Homespun virtues shine

By IAN SCLANDERS

through its air of distinction and reflect the character of plain hard-working New Brunswick, a lumbering, farming and fishing province with a predominantly rural and ruggedly democratic population of half a million.

When Lieutenant-Governor D. L. MacLaren has his annual reception in the Legislative Building at Fredericton traditional pomp and ceremony aren't lacking. But it's typical that the most important officials and their ladies rub elbows

amiably with stenographers, junior clerks and mechanics. Half the guests address MacLaren as Larry and Premier J. B. McNair as John. Formerly invitations were sent out for this affair, which pleased those who got them, but not others. Now, so none will be overlooked, MacLaren doesn't issue individual invitations but advertises in the newspapers that all will be welcome. On the gala night the folks arrive in droves to cut capers under the glittering chandeliers in the assembly chamber.

King George III and his consort, Queen Charlotte, stare down on them from huge portraits by Sir Joshua Reynolds that hang in positions of honor. Fredericton doesn't admire fat George III but neither does it forget what it owes him. Had he been a better monarch there might have been no American War of Independence. In that event there would have been no Fredericton, for the founders were United Empire Loyalists who fled from the United States in 1783, after the conflict, and poured by the thousands into what is now New Brunswick but was then Sunbury County, Nova Scotia.

Not all these exiles were rich and blue-blooded, but when Sunbury County became New Brunswick in 1784 and the first governor, Thomas Carleton, picked the site of his provincial capital he was careful to surround himself with congenial friends. Notables like Jonathan Odell, the satirical poet, and brilliant jurist Ward Chipman, and Beverley Robinson, who had owned one of this continent's



John B. McNair, N. B.'s Premier for the past twelve years, lives in suburban home (left).

vast estates, and gallant Loyalist Edward Winslow, moved in with Negro slaves and family treasures: Winslow with a chair brought to America in the Mayflower and inscribed as "the first to seat the rump of an Indian chief."

They soon freed the slaves because it was too difficult to find food for them in the wilderness. Having granted this concession to the change in their circumstances they proceeded to reconstruct on a miniature scale the gay and privileged pattern of life they had enjoyed before the Boston Tea Party. They had no roads, only the St. John River, to link them with the outside world, but in their clearing in the woods they dressed as regency dandies and wined and dined and gambled and danced and fought duels.

Ox Blood For a Bullfrog

Their fantastic village, a settlement of four or five hundred refugees, assumed all the swank of a full-fledged metropolis. Fredericton, ever since has had its own zest and flavor, its own flair for the unusual. More than seventy Canadian cities exceed it in population, but Fredericton, besides cradling our national poetry, has left its mark on national education. Commercially, it's astute enough to sell canoes and snowshoes to Indians from coast to coast, to set footwear styles Hollywood has copied, and to sell an Algonquin delicacy, fiddlehead greens, to New York gourmets.

From Fredericton, earnest students from the other side of the world carry home the principles of forest management and conservation. And Fredericton's agricultural scientists have lately developed blight-resistant potatoes which will increase global food supplies and help prevent famines.

Fredericton, with its unhurried gait, its solid comfortable homes, its encircling hills and its bicycle enthusiasts (twenty-three hundred of them), looks quiet and placid and seldom has a dull moment.

It's where a dreamy-eyed watchmaker, Benjamin Tibbits, in 1842 revolutionized steamship transportation by inventing the compound steam engine, and died broke while engines of his design were driving ships through the seven seas.

It's where the New Brunswick legislature passed an Act to Legitimize Thirty Bastards - the offspring of couples who had been wed in good faith, but not legally, by an itinerant evangelist not authorized to perform marriages in New Brunswick.

It's where Frederick B. Coleman, proprietor of the Barker House, had affidavits from witnesses and the monster's stuffed body to prove that by feeding a pet bullfrog ox blood and bran he had persuaded it to attain a weight of forty-three pounds.

It's where Frank A. Good, a teacher, grew sixty different kinds of apples and a pear on one tree.

It's where a church, Wilmot United, was named after a politician and displays a tremendous wooden replica of Wilmot's right hand at the tip of its steeple, index finger pointing to heaven.

It's where King Edward VII, as Prince of Wales, suddenly vanished. After all Fredericton had been hunting for him for hours he turned up by the river, fishing.

It's where General Benedict Arnold stole a schooner to escape his creditors by sailing to the West Indies.

From Fredericton, one fabulous timber baron, John Glasier, declared private war against the United States, led an army of lumberjacks into Maine, fought and defeated Yankee competitors and destroyed the dams with which they had diverted water he needed for his log drive.

Another timber baron, Alexander Gibson, in 1883 branched into textiles and when he built a cotton mill which is still in operation, three miles from Fredericton, made it one brick longer and higher than any similar plant in Canada.

Canada's first Anglican cathedral, Christ Church, jabs its spire above the elms. It dates from 1845 and Fredericton was raised from the status of a town to that of a city, not because this was warranted by the size of the population, or because it was



St. John River was once Fredericton's only highway. Benedict Arnold stole a schooner here.

the provincial capital, but because Queen Victoria ordained that as a Bishop's See, it should henceforth be a city.

Perched on a hill overlooking Fredericton is the University of New Brunswick, which has functioned since 1785 and claims to be the oldest university in Canada. It gave birth to the famous Fredericton school of literature, the leaders of which were Carman, Roberts and Sherman. Its graduates have held key positions in half the other colleges in Canada and many in the United States and have included such noted educationists as Sir George Parkin. Its forestry department, one of the first in North America, has blazed new trails in scientific forestry and draws students from as far away as India, Africa and South America.

In the fall in Fredericton you'll see young men with their pants pressed sideways and young women parading with pails and mops. That's the time-honored initiation of members of the UNB freshman class. Among them may be a girl from Charlotte County, N.B., who has a scholarship worth five hundred and twenty-five dollars a year because she doesn't drink or smoke. This scholarship, provided by the will of Gertrude Winnifred Smith, may only be claimed by a Charlotte County lass who shuns tobacco and intoxicants and who forfeits it if she takes one puff or sip. Another out-of-the-way scholarship at UNB is for a boy who can prove his forebears logged on New Brunswick's north shore.

Fredericton's

Continued on page 30



Michael Wardell, British socialite, now owns the *Gleaner*, sole city daily.



Lord Beaverbrook is the favorite son and biggest Fredericton benefactor.



A. W. Trueman, president of University of N.B., which claims age record.



During the "season," beaches are jammed, prices soar, service slumps.



Off-season, the beach is yours, prices fall, you're treated royally.

HOW TO MISS THE MOBS

How would you like to always find a parking space when you want it, get an empty table in a restaurant and quick service in half-empty shops, enjoy first-class holidays at third-rate prices? It's all yours if you'll take this advice for easier living

By JAMES DUGAN

DRAWINGS BY PETER WHALLEY

THERE is at least one wise man in your town who has figured out how to avoid most of the hectic jam of modern life. He rides to work on a half-filled bus, shops in uncrowded stores, lunches in a quiet leisurely café, and when he drives the family downtown there is never a traffic jam and always a parking space. When he takes the wife and kids for a car ride the roads are almost exclusively his. Our fortunate man holidays on deserted beaches, travels at reduced fares in sparsely populated trains, planes and ocean liners. He rents cottages and hotel rooms at two thirds off and enjoys glittering resorts without bruising his elbows. In fact this exceptional character has almost got a way figured out to get into the family bathroom when he wants to.

Mr. Lucky Schmoe is not one of the idle rich but he is a man who doesn't have to keep traditional office hours in his job and is free to join the increasing number of people who live off-schedule. He has privately adopted a planning engineer's dream of staggered hours. In simple words, Mr. Schmoe manages to be there when other people ain't. And he has a big wide latitude to work in. He has discovered that the rest of us use only the middle third of the day for work, and that we pile on top of each other in the rush hours that bracket the work day. He has noticed our peculiar habit of sitting down on each other's laps for lunch. He has detected our singular mania for making mass assaults on parking spaces and traffic lights a few hours a day and leaving them clear the rest of the time. He found out that we grump along bumper-to-bumper on the way to the country two days a week and give him the road the rest of the week.

Mr. Schmoe specializes in being unfashionable and it gives him pleasure and profit. In the summer his pigeon breast expands in Florida, where he hires a beach cabana and a two-room suite at the Costello Plaza for eight dollars a day. Old Lucky also discovers that he is the pampered darling of the resort—everybody loves him and speaks civilly to him, Mrs. Lucky and young Schmoe junior. Mr. Schmoe is a strictly off-beat, out-of-season, too-early-and-too-late type guy. When he makes the big effort to see Europe before his boy grows up, travel agents salaam before him and steamship moguls all but mold statues of Mr. Schmoe because he fills up their boats out of season. In their gratitude they insist on giving him bargain-base prices and Waldorf Tower service.

Is Mr. Schmoe happier than the rest of the heap? I'll say he is! He has made one of the few personal adjustments we Schmoes can make in the jangling crush of contemporary life. Mr. Schmoe, furthermore, is not an antisocial character. He tells everybody he could benefit by spreading his activities into the unused hours, days, weeks, and months.

The world is getting more crowded year by year and we are acquiring more gadgets to stumble over. We are doing more things and going more places with more impedimenta.

Old Schmoe will not be caught outside of the neighborhood on national holidays. On Dominion Day Schmoe sits in a cool dark quiet room at home with a soothing beer while millions of fenders and bumpers grind on the hot high roads. On Labor Day Old Schmoe never wins the fat man's race at the Elk picnic or participates in a drowning tragedy when a motor-boat wash upsets his canoe.

Schmoe isn't at the picnic and he canoes on an obscure Thursday when the motorboat boys are safely at work in the bank. On New Year's Eve Schmoe has never been discovered with compound fractures in the wreckage of his car: he is at home toasting a new off-schedule year with the next-door neighbors.

Lucky Schmoe is the darling of the planning engineers. At the Regional Planning Association in New York, for instance, there is a big library of Schmoeism, which spells out how smart we could get if we adopted staggered hours. The idea is not utopian theory. Many cities found the idea sound and good during the last war when expanding industry put a heavy strain on transportation. In

Toronto, for instance, many big offices started half an hour earlier at 8.30 in the morning and closed at 4.30. The big stores like Eaton's and Simpson's opened at 9.30 and closed at 5.30.

Some offices have kept this wartime schedule, or off-schedule, and the result has been that the traffic load at both ends of the day has been spread over a ninety-minute period instead of being piled on a single heavy half hour.

The first city in the world to have staggered time was Washington, D.C., in 1918. It adopted staggered hours, not to lessen traffic problems, but to cut down on public congestion, which was

spreading the influenza epidemic. Engineers claim that from the public health point of view alone staggered time is worth while for a city. Medical researchers could not invent a better way to spread infection than packed public conveyances in the winter season when resistance to disease is low.

In 1948 the Montreal City Planning Commission put downtown traffic in the test tube and discovered that one quarter of the time vehicles spent in the area was at a complete stop in jams. Montreal merchants estimated their annual loss from traffic immobility reached six million dollars. Planning engineers have

Continued on next page



warned city after city of the heavy losses in business when people can't find a parking space and so get trapped in traffic blocks.

Sometimes a city gets staggered hours by accident when part of the business firms refuse to change to daylight saving time. The town opens and closes on two shifts and people suddenly wonder why it isn't so crowded on the way to and from work. Human adaptability is also at work. Most big-city work patterns have factory workers reporting earlier than office and retail employees and the executives following later. Overcrowding of schools, which forces two or three shifts on the classroom, also thins the use of transportation. Some progress has been made in the familiar campaign to get women shoppers to ride between 10 a.m. and 4 p.m. But, like the ancient plea to Do Your Christmas Shopping Early, we are not yet as smart as Mr. Schmoe in picking the best time to venture downtown.

Throughout North America the number of automobiles is increasing faster than the population. In 1915 there was one car for every sixty persons, in 1938 one car for eight persons; now there is a motor vehicle for every three and a half people. Mr. Schmoe is not bothered by this statistic because he keeps his car at home until the odds are better. He does not drive to the country on Sunday. He goes on Tuesday, when the roadside foliage is getting over its carbon monoxide hang-over and his nicely spaced fellow-drivers are salesmen, route men and truck drivers who will not crack you up with some dumb Sunday-driver trick. Old Lucky admits that most people can't take off on Tuesday. He happens to work in a hydro-electric plant which does not follow the whimsical work schedules of other businesses, but turns out power a hundred and sixty-eight hours a week. Foreman Schmoe put in for week-end work and takes Tuesday and Wednesday off. He wonders why other businesses do not stagger the work week.

Night's as Good as Day

Raymond Loewy, the well-known industrial designer, blames our on-schedule uniformity on the invention of the clock in the tenth century. "Man began to think in minutes and hours

so he began the process of systematizing this time-material: so much for sleep, so much for work, so much for leisure. Efficiency gained and liberty lost a great deal," says Loewy.

"Ever since prehistoric days, man has worked in daytime and slept at night; he did not work at night because he could not see. . . . A recurrent rest period was felt to be a necessity; he worked for six days and rested on the seventh, and the week was born. But now conditions are different. With excellent artificial lighting and air conditioning, work at night is just as easy as in daytime or easier. In fact many of the latest plants, stores and offices are already daylight-sealed and work is done under manufactured illumination.

"So it would seem that the present 'daytime-for-work, nighttime-for-sleep' cycle may not be the best basis for future living. And it may be that the present 'week' has ceased to be the right answer. One can see a possibility of daytime becoming leisure time—more outdoor living—and night being assigned to both work and sleep. For instance:

Work: Midnight to 8 a.m.

Leisure: 8 a.m. to 4 p.m.

Sleep: 4 p.m. to midnight.

"As far as the week is concerned, it becomes this:

Work: 9 days.

Rest: 5 days."

Dividing the day into three arbitrary eight-hour periods has never held in the hot countries where social and working life stops completely for a three- or four-hour lunch and siesta when the sun is highest. In the Latin and Balkan countries businesses close from noon to 4 p.m. and reopen into the evening. Dinner is taken at 10 or 11 p.m. and café life is at its peak at midnight, sometimes later, in the Latin world. Yet these same night-lifers are early risers because they sleep twice a day. Most cities in the interior of North America suffer from tropical heat in summer. Washington and Ottawa in summer are classed as semi-tropical cities by the European diplomatic corps. We refuse, however, to acknowledge the fact and swelter away while our backward Latin cousins are sensibly asleep.

Why Does Summer End?

The timing of Labor Day—the first Monday after the first Sunday of September—is indefensible. The holiday was started by the Knights of Labor, a forerunner of the CIO, in 1882. There were then no automobiles, no paid vacations, and holiday travel was confined to the wealthy few. Labor Day has become the symbolic end of summer, yet summer actually lasts two or three weeks more. We have our last shoeless fling at sun and water then we flee back to work and pretend it is autumn. We empty such resorts as Ingonish Beach, N.S., where the high temperature in September 1950 was 81 degrees, and Banff, where it reached 86°, and crowd back into Toronto (79°) and Montreal (78°). (The October 1950 highs were: Ingonish 81°, Banff 64°, Toronto 76°, and Montreal 78°.)

The principal victim besides the holiday is the resort industry. Next to newsprint U. S. tourism is Canada's biggest source of Yankee dollars. The resort industry asks, "Why do we let Labor Day cut off the fine end of summer?" R. G. Perry, traffic manager of the Provincial Transport Co., Montreal, thinks that postponing Labor Day

to the third Monday of September would add twenty percent to tourist business. George A. Martin, of Toronto, a leader in Muskoka and all-Canadian tourist development, has long evangelized for postponing Labor Day.

Tourist boards, unions, colleges and government bureaus have approved postponing Labor Day but no united drive has come along to put it over. Important holidays have been changed before. President Roosevelt acceded to merchants' pleas to move the U. S. Nov. 25 Thanksgiving holiday a week farther away from Christmas. The hidebound element howled piteously and some areas stuck to the traditional date but most people thought F. D. R. made a sensible move. The date of the King's birthday has been tampered with. We disregard the actual date, Dec. 14, and give the toast, "Gentlemen, the King" in June.

Canada's hotel rates dip less than Florida's in the uncrowded beginning and end of season, but there are savings for the holidayer nonetheless. In September the Admiral Beatty in Saint John, N.B., charges seven dollars for a double room with bath, while the Cascade Hotel in Banff and the Athabasca Hotel in Jasper National Park come down to five dollars for doubles. Hunting and fishing are at their best in the national parks in the ninth month and those midsummer tormenters, the black fly and mosquito, are gone.

Resorts and holiday-travel utilities have been pushing for years to thin out vacationing over the full year. The California All-Year Club, specializing in this job, has made fine progress, as has the state of Florida. One hundred million dollars have been spent in the last quarter-century to induce you to go to Florida out-of-season. Florida has baited its trap with the finest of inducements—over-all savings of about thirty percent for off-season vacations.

In 1950 the summer tourist business in Florida increased one hundred percent over the previous year due to a three-million-dollar propaganda drive around the slogan Florida in Summer Has Everything. There were concerted campaigns by hotels, airlines and rail-

roads, and whopping reductions in the usual winter rates. Florida's three millions were well spent; the increase in summer tourist spending was fifty million dollars.

The posh Sovereign Hotel in Miami Beach which takes twenty-five dollars a day for a couple in winter, gives the same room for six dollars from May through August. Tourist camps come down from eighteen dollars to six dollars.

Trans-Canada Airlines has several money-saving inducements to travel out of season and on the lightly traveled period of Monday through Wednesday. For instance, a Montreal family of two adults and two children up to twenty-one can fly TCA to New York for \$114 instead of the full fare total of \$164. The trip must be made after October and on Monday, Tuesday or Wednesday, and is made possible by the Family Fare Plan, which permits a father who pays the full fare to take his family at half fares. Seven months of the year TCA's North Atlantic service will whiz you to Europe and return for one-and-a-third fare, to induce you to fill up the off-season flights.

They've Got to Fly Anyway

The airline and the hotels are not giving anything away. The planes have to fly anyway to maintain their government-licensed schedules, and the hotels find it much cheaper to retain the staff the year-round and keep the hotel open for the lucky few rather than close up and reopen for the fashionable winter visitors. (An extreme example is the luxurious Hershey Hotel in Pennsylvania, a busy summer spot, which stays open throughout the winter, sometimes with as many as fifty employees for each guest.)

Many Canadians have discovered the Florida and Caribbean off-season bargains. Two-week all-expense holidays by air from eastern or prairie Canada to Florida, Nassau and Mexico City, can be handled well within a modest holiday budget.

European resorts follow the farcical herd—fashions of American holiday spots. August is the ritual month in Deauville, after which the *haut monde* rushes back to Paris like contrary lemmings. *Monsieur Bonne Chance* Schmeau then turns up in small numbers to own the place. The classic continental holiday month of August is an ordeal. England seems to close up in August to cram the Channel boats so that the *plages* can be crammed in France and Belgium. This leaves eleven dandy months for the wise man to use the resorts.

The trans-Atlantic steamship line is the oldest victim of our herd holiday habits. We go to Europe and return in self-regimented hordes from June to early September, leaving the big ships half-empty westbound in early summer, half-full eastbound in late summer, and poorly utilized the rest of the year. The steamer people cut fares out-of-season as much as twenty percent to reform our migratory habits, and the international airlines do the same. True, European travel is spreading throughout the year and the season is lengthening, but not because we chose to travel wisely and less expensively. It is because the war-depleted fleets simply cannot handle us all at once, and we are forced to go earlier or wait till later for bookings.

Experienced world travelers, like our friend Schmoe, usually travel out of season. It's the way to do it—if you can. There's only one thing about it that sometimes bothers Schmoe at nights: what if *everyone* began to live off-schedule? ★

A PREVIEW OF THE NEXT ISSUE

Would You Live Better in the U. S.?

Sidney Margolius, an expert on consumers' problems, went back to the same families, in Trenton, N.J., and Hamilton, Ont., he interviewed for Maclean's in 1949 and asked them the same questions about the high cost of living.

Chase For a Killer

It's not the way they tell it in the whodunits but it's just as exciting. Read about the long sweeping hunt by a Toronto police detective for Stanley Buckowski, the man who killed four times before he was brought to bay.

What We Think the Russians Will Do

From a listening post near the Iron Curtain, Lionel Shapiro, Maclean's European Correspondent, tells us the well-kept Russian secrets our diplomats and agents have bared lately.

Remember Canasta?

A Maclean's Flashback by James Dugan

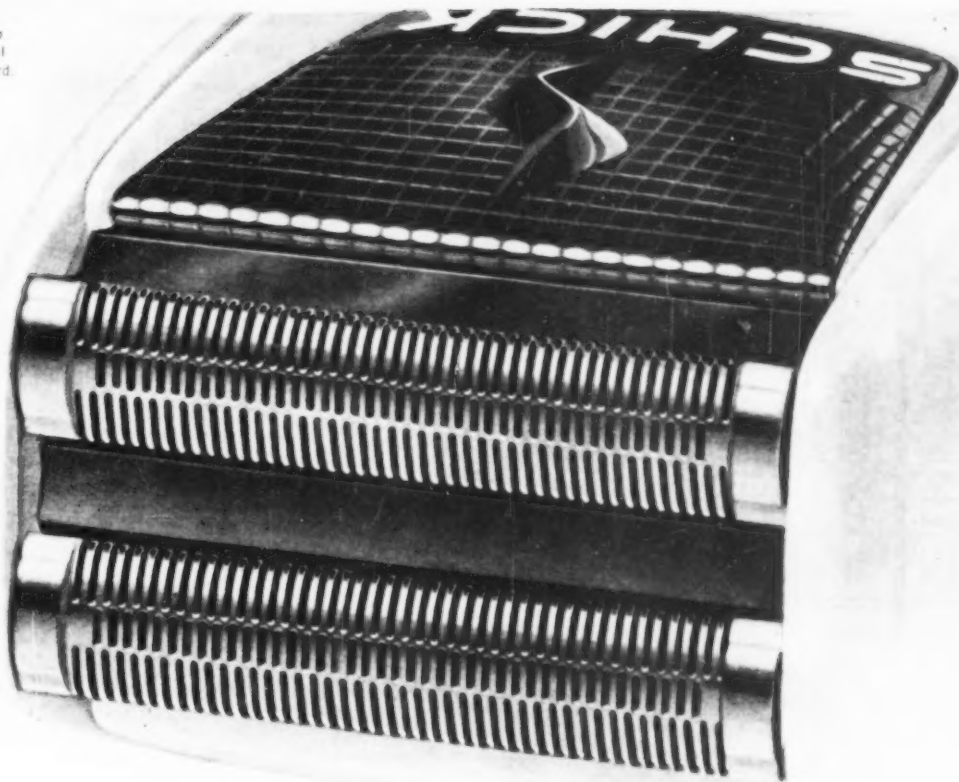
IN MACLEAN'S MARCH 1

ON SALE FEB. 27

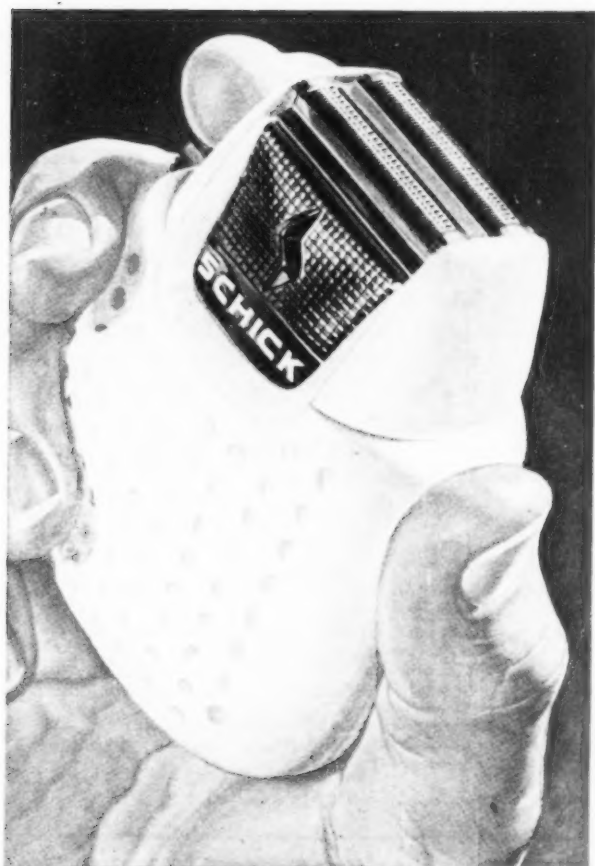


For styling the Schick "20," Carl Otto won the 1951 Industrial Designers' Institute Award.

We Microscope ALL Hi-Velocity Heads—insure precision fit between inner and outer cutters. Exclusive Schick design. Precision-made. Sharpened and honed. Comb edges guide whiskers into slots. Curved interceptor bars pick up stubble.



No wonder it shaves you so close so easily



THERE are two ways to make an electric shaver.

One is to bat out as many as you can as fast as you can. The other is the way we do it.

We consider a shaver a fine precision instrument. So we fashion the Schick "20" with microscopic precision from head to cord.

Take this Schick's exclusive Hi-Velocity Heads, for example. We turn out each one as though it were a jewel.

We round the edge of the inner cutter to make it self-sharpening, to give you skin-close shaving. We curve the interceptor bar to ease each whisker into place, to crop it at skinline. And we examine every head individually under a microscope to be sure its edges are precisely set to thousands of an inch.

Is all this worth it? You have to shave with a "20" to believe it.

You have to snap its Stop-Start Button

into action—square the Hi-Velocity Heads against your face—and shave away.

You have to feel those heads glide over your face—feel them being driven by the fistful of force that's Schick's real rotary motor—a palm-sized powerhouse that delivers 17,000 shaving strokes a minute.

And then—you have to see the end results—see how well you're shaved, how quickly and with so few strokes—with nothing left on your face but skin as smooth as a boy's.

So head for the nearest dealer, and ask for a Schick "20" in its handsome new Caddie Case. Admire the handsome styling, heft its new lightness, its balance. Then—take it away and treat your face to "the finest shaving instrument of all time." Also see the Schick Super. Schick (Canada) Limited, Toronto. Service offices in principal cities.

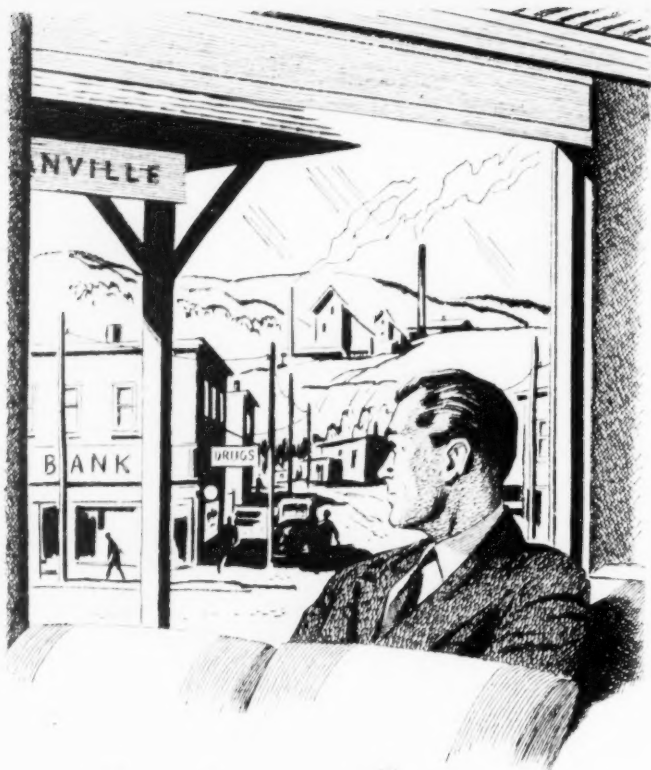
Schick "20" \$32.75

Schick Super \$29.50

Schick "20"

MORE MEN USE SCHICK ELECTRIC SHAVERS THAN ANY OTHER MAKE

-- better-built for better shaves



In step with growing needs...

NEW INDUSTRIES, new communities, new sources of oil and iron and power...

Canada moves on with amazing strides.

And with this expansion come added calls for every form of banking service. Your chartered banks have moved ahead in step with these growing requirements. That is why it now takes 45,000 men and women to do the banking of Canadians — almost double the number of ten years ago. That is why there are now 3,700 branches to serve the expanded needs.

Wherever initiative and growth demand it, banking is *there* — claiming your continued confidence.

One of a series
by your bank



enough's enough



By JOHN P. McKNIGHT

THE world is too much with most of us, but, usually, we take on the chin whatever comes and do nothing about it—except maybe grow an ulcer or two or yell at the kids. It's somehow comforting to realize that there are a few individual souls who, pushed beyond measure by the machine age, have done something about it. What they did was rarely smart, but at least it gave them some satisfaction and earned them a few lines in the following news reports from all over:

A Montreal restaurant proprietor, Peter Carol, hauled Antonio Beaudet into court and accused him of stealing a newspaper from the restaurant every morning since 1911.

Joseph Padersky confessed to a court in Albany, N.Y., that he set fire to a building because he always had bad luck at poker there.



In Rockford, Ill., Miss Josephine Romano slapped Dr. Paul E. Dee after a minor collision, said her automobile had been hit by three other motorists recently, burst out, "I got tired of everybody running into my little car."

In Sheffield, Eng., Walter Marshall paid a one-hundred-and-forty-dollar fine for breaking a store window, explaining that he threw the stone because, although innocent, he had been unjustly fined twenty-eight dollars earlier for breaking the same window.

Harry Griffin, of Superior, Wis., was charged a dollar for a haircut, accused the barber of "clipping" him, and walked off with the barber's clippers.

In Over Stowey, Eng., Harry Grandfield, who for seventeen years had dug and tended graves for a weekly stipend of two dollars and ten cents, resigned, saying, "It seems as though the more you do for people the less they think of you."



Nick Lucas, a Vancouver car dealer, facing income-tax payments and depressed by the credit restrictions which had piled up cars on his lot, drove a new Dodge to the local tax office and left it there as part payment of his personal tax bill.



Because he believed broadcasts from station WORK were interfering with his electrical gadgets, Holmes Gibson, of York, Pa., walked five miles in the rain to the transmitter, jerked out switches, and silenced the station for fifteen minutes.



Alexander of Tunis

George the Sixth,

by the Grace of God,
of Great Britain, Ireland and the British Dominions beyond the Seas King,
Defender of the Faith &c

To Our Trusty and well beloved
We, reposing especial Trust and Confidence in your Loyalty, Courage and good Conduct,
do by these Presents constitute and Appoint you to be an Officer in Our Canadian Army
from the _____ day of _____ 19____. You are therefore carefully
and diligently to discharge your Duty as such in the Rank of _____ or in
such other Rank as We may from time to time hereafter be pleased to promote or appoint you to of
which a notification will be made in the Canada Gazette or in such other manner as may for
the time being be prescribed by His Council, and you are in such manner and on such occasions as may
be prescribed by Us to exercise and well discipline in Arms, both the inferior Officers and Men
serving under you and use your best endeavours to keep them in good Order and Discipline.
And We do hereby Command them to Obey you as their superior Officer and you to observe and
follow such Orders and Directions as from time to time you shall receive from Us or any your
superior Officer according to Law, in pursuance of the Trust hereby reposed in you.

In Witness Whereof Our Governor General of Canada
 hath hereunto set his hand and Seal at Our Government House in the City of Ottawa
 this _____ day of _____ in the Year of Our Lord One Thousand
 Nine Hundred and _____ and in the
 Year of Our Reign

By Command of His Excellency The Governor General
 Brooke Claxton
 Minister of National Defence

Young men... Here is Challenge and OPPORTUNITY

Training and experience in leadership are two of the most valuable assets you can possess, no matter what lifetime career you select. You may obtain both training and experience as a leader under a new plan whereby the Canadian Army is training young men with Junior Matriculation as Officers in the Active Force.

But there is challenge in the standards you must meet — in the courses you take and pass before you can qualify for a commission. And, there is opportunity in the privilege of leading Canada's soldiers at home and abroad.

If accepted you begin training at Camp Borden as an Officer Cadet to qualify as a Second Lieutenant in the Active Force. You will receive Second Lieutenant's pay while in training. When you are granted a commission you will then serve for periods of 3, 4 or 5 years as you choose under the Short Service Commission Plan. At the end of this service you may apply for a permanent commission.

To qualify you must be:—Single — Physically fit — Between 18 and 25 years of age and have a Junior Matriculation or Equivalent Educational Standard.

APPLY TODAY TO THE RECRUITING OFFICE NEAREST YOUR HOME

No. 1 Personnel Depot, Garrison Barracks, Halifax, N.S.
No. 2 Personnel Depot, Woodstock Road, Fredericton, N.B.
No. 3 Personnel Depot, Connaught Barracks, 3 Citadel Hill, Quebec, P.Q.
No. 4 Personnel Depot, 772 Sherbrooke St. W., Montreal, P.Q.
No. 5 Personnel Depot, Artillery Park, Bagot St., Kingston, Ont.
No. 6 Personnel Depot, East Sunnybrook Park, Bayview Ave., Toronto, Ont.
No. 7 Personnel Depot, Wolseley Barracks, Elizabeth Street, London, Ont.
No. 8 Personnel Depot, Fort Osborne Barracks, Winnipeg, Man.

No. 9 Personnel Depot, Rear of Armouries, Elphinstone St., Regina, Sask.
No. 10 Personnel Depot, Currie Barracks, Calgary, Alta.
Edmonton Manning Depot,
Headquarters Western Command, Kingsway Avenue, Edmonton, Alberta
No. 11 Personnel Depot, 4050 West Fourth Ave., Vancouver, B.C.
No. 12 Personnel Depot, Buckmaster's Field, St. John's, Nfld.
No. 13 Personnel Depot, Wallis House, Rideau & Charlotte Sts., Ottawa, Ont.

Listen to "Voice of the Army" — Tuesday and Thursday evenings — Dominion Network.



Hands that work look lovelier in 24 hours

...or your money back!

Here's one hand cream made especially to help working hands look smoother and whiter!

● If your present hand cream isn't helping you much, maybe that's because it's made for lady-of-leisure hands. But hands that work—at home, in office or shop—need the *therapy* care that only medicated Noxzema can give!

Helps heal—and beautifies! Out of all the leading hand preparations, only Noxzema makes working hands look lovely in these two important ways.

1. **Helps heal** tiny cuts, cracks in skin with its unique medicated formula!

2. **Softens, smooths, whitens** hands, supplies a light, protective film of oil and moisture to the skin's surface! And Noxzema is greaseless!

Money-Back Offer! In clinical tests, Noxzema helped the hands of 9 out of 10 women look lovelier—often within 24 hours! Try it on your hands tonight. If you aren't delighted, return your jar to Noxzema, Toronto—get your money back. But you will be delighted!

Women all over Canada praise new greaseless, medicated hand care!



Ottawa! "Even through our hard winters, Noxzema keeps my hands soft and smooth," says Patricia McFarlane. "This greaseless cream is more effective than any other I've tried."

Edmonton! "Cooking, washing and cleaning leave my hands sore and cracked," says Mrs. Marguerite MacDonald. "But Noxzema quickly soothes them. People assume I have household help."



Chapped Hands Special!
TWICE AS MUCH
NOXZEMA
for your money!

Big 10 oz. jar only **\$1.25** for limited time only!

At any drug or cosmetic counter
Made in Canada

Maclean's MOVIES

CONDUCTED BY CLYDE GILMOUR



ANNE OF THE INDIES: Pirate queen Jean Peters and her scurvy swabs in an absurd buccaneer mellerdrammer, probably an acceptable attraction at Saturday matinees. The swashbuckling cast includes Louis Jourdan as a cryptic French gallant whose romantic attachments seem fairly devious to your correspondent.

CALLAWAY WENT THATAWAY: Most of its satire is less penetrating than the subject appears to call for, but there are a lot of very funny moments in this good-natured Hollywood comedy. An old-time movie cowboy, now an unshaven lush in a semitropical bistro, becomes the idol of millions of kiddies when his old films are revived on television. Howard Keel has a dual role opposite Fred MacMurray and Dorothy McGuire, who portray a pair of ad agency hucksters.

ELOPEMENT: A hackneyed little romantic farce about a couple of bickering lovers (William Lundigan and Anne Francis) and their parents, both sets of whom are opposed to the alliance. Clifton Webb, as one of the papas, gets scant opportunity to exhibit his comic talents.

FIXED BAYONETS: A Korean war story which manages to drum up quite a bit of tension when it is not slowing down to examine, superficially, the private wanderings of its GI infantrymen. Richard Basehart, Gene Evans and Michael O'Shea are among the enlisted men.

THE GUEST: Like many another religious movie, this thirty-five-minute "featurette" from Hollywood has good intentions and an admirable philosophy as points of recommendation, despite a cinematic style which is often trite and heavy-handed. It's about a gruff old shoemaker (David Wolfe) who dreams that God—in person—will visit him before nightfall.

JOURNEY INTO LIGHT: Here again the theme is religious faith, and I am saddened to report that the net result

doesn't live up to the lofty purpose. Central character is a renegade clergyman (Sterling Hayden) who finds both divine and earthly inspiration in the love of a blind missionary.

MY FAVORITE SPY: Bob Hope's regular followers, a sizeable crowd, are likely to find this one up to standard specifications, although a lot of it has a pretty familiar air. The story has to do with cloak-and-dagger activities in Moorish Africa, and Hedy Lamarr is the femme whom Mr. H. finds almost fatale.

ROYAL JOURNEY: An outstanding fifty-minute record, by the National Film Board of Canada, of the recent North American travels of Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh. Without being either a glorified newsreel or a fatuous tribute, the picture avoids repetition and pomposity and holds the interest from start to finish.

SCANDAL SHEET: Tabloid editor Broderick Crawford squirms with suspense, and so does the audience, while his guilty connection with two killings is inexorably traced by the reporter he himself trained. An interesting crime drama, with less than the usual amount of phony newspaper atmosphere.

STARLIFT: Practically every celebrity on the Warner Bros. payroll pops up, briefly or otherwise, in this routine musical about Hollywood's efforts to bolster the morale of Korea warriors.

TOO YOUNG TO KISS: June Allyson, despairing of ever getting an audition as a grown-up pianist, pretends to be a child prodigy and plunges concert-booster Van Johnson into endless trouble. The end product adds up to a successful piece of family entertainment, even if the plot sometimes confuses hilarity with plain silliness. Miss Allyson's fingerwork is amazingly realistic at the keyboard.

THE WHIP HAND: A fair-enough, minor-league spy thriller in which a vacationing newshawk tangles with Kremlin agents in a terror-ruled Wisconsin village.

GILMOUR RATES

Across the Wide Missouri: Redskins vs. Clark Gable & Co. Fair.
An American in Paris: Musical. Tops.
Angelo: Italian drama. Good.

Bannerline: Press drama. Poor.
Blue Veil: Drama. Fair.
Bright Victory: Drama. Good.
Browning Version: Drama. Excellent.

Close to My Heart: Drama. Fair.
Come Fill the Cup: Drama. Good.
Decision Before Dawn: War spies. Fair.
Detective Story: Crime. Excellent.

Force of Arms: Love and war. Good.
He Ran All the Way: Crime. Fair.
It Happened in Europe: Drama. Good.
I Want You: Family drama. Fair.

Lavender Hill Mob: Comedy. Excellent.
Let's Make It Legal: Comedy. Poor.
Little Egypt: Comedy. Fair.

Man With a Cloak: Mystery. Fair.
The Mob: Comedy-drama. Good.
Mr. Drake's Duck: Comedy. Fair.
Mr. Imperium: Musical romance. Poor.

People Against O'Hara: Crime. Good.
People Will Talk: Drama. Good.
Pickup: Marriage drama. Fair.
A Place in the Sun: Drama. Tops.

The Racket: Crime drama. Good.
Red Badge of Courage: War. Excellent.
The River: India drama. Excellent.

Saturday's Hero: Campus drama. Good.
7 Days to Noon: Suspense. Excellent.
A Streetcar Named Desire: Drama for adults. Excellent.

Ten Tall Men: Adventure. Okay for kids.
Texas Carnival: Musical. Fair.
The Well: Sociological drama. Good.



Smooth as a millpond . . .

that's the way you glide along with the Dodge Oriflow Ride. You'll find that the roughest roads feel highway-smooth. No other ride like it!



Visibility Unlimited . . .

in every direction. Big, wide windshield, narrow posts, eye-level side windows and rear "picture" window make driving safer.



Built for the rugged life

that's why the dependable Dodge gives trouble-free performance for years. Dodge owners say: "You can't beat Dodge for Dependability".

Introducing the 1952 DODGE Coronet



THE BIGGEST, MOST LUXURIOUS CAR IN THE DODGE LINE



A pleasure to drive

Fluid Drive takes the jerks and jars out of starting and stopping. Rich interiors, fine upholstery and "posture-right" seating make driving a pleasure.

Designed for those of you who want to drive a *big* car, but didn't know you could afford it . . . that's the luxurious new Dodge Coronet for '52.

You'll find that the Coronet is truly a luxury car in every way . . . in size, appointments, engineering and performance—yet it is the lowest-priced car equipped with Fluid Drive.

You'll never believe how much driving ease, safety, luxury and dependability Dodge offers until you drive a Coronet yourself. Experience the thrill of jerk-free performance with Fluid Drive . . . the amazing riding smoothness of Oriflow shock absorbers . . . the ready response of the bigger Dodge Coronet engine.

Your Dodge-DeSoto dealer will welcome the opportunity to let you drive a Dodge Coronet. Drive it for 5 minutes—you'll drive it for years.

**ALSO AVAILABLE
WITH GYRO-MATIC
TRANSMISSION AND
FLUID DRIVE**

For the ultimate in driving and riding comfort, the Dodge Coronet is available with Gyro-Matic transmission at extra cost. Gyro-Matic transmission lets you drive all day without shifting gears, under all normal conditions.

Dodge Coronet is built in Canada by Chrysler Corporation of Canada, Limited

Here's a brand
new idea for
your home!

Frigen
ENAMEL

RESTORE THE ORIGINAL "FACTORY FINISH" TO
YOUR OLD WASHING MACHINE, REFRIGERATOR,
TOILET-SEAT, MEDICINE CABINET AND OTHER
HOUSEHOLD APPLIANCES.

A radically new super-enamel especially manufac-
tured to refinish the worn surfaces on your house-
hold appliances—resists heat and acids, is easily
cleaned, porcelain smooth—produces a gleaming
beauty that endures.

ALL IN ONE HANDY KIT!

FRIGEN Enamel and the handy
Frigen Enamel Kit, contain-
ing all the materials that you
need for a complete job, are
now available at your near-
est paint, hardware, or de-
partment store.



NOW OFFERED FOR THE FIRST TIME IN CANADA

TRADE-MARKS OF CANADA



Agriculture, including stock-raising and
horticulture, is the most important of Can-
ada's primary industries. Latest figures
show more than 25.2 per cent of the total
gainfully occupied population and 30.5
per cent of gainfully occupied males, are
employed in agriculture.

In addition, agriculture provides the raw
materials for many Canadian manufac-
tures, and its products in raw and
manufactured form constitute a heavy
percentage of Canada's exports.

THIS PUBLIC INFORMATION FEATURE IS BROUGHT
TO YOU BY

Lemon Mart & Son

Fredericton

Continued from page 21

favorite and most familiar visitor is
Lord Beaverbrook, the ebullient and
ubiquitous British publisher and states-
man, who grew up in New Brunswick
and studied law fleetingly at UNB.
After Max Aitken, the indifferent student,
had been forgotten he descended
on his alma mater as Lord Beaver-
brook, the spectacular peer. He has
contributed more than a million dollars
for UNB buildings and scholarships
and is now its chancellor. He has a
luxurious house in Fredericton but
generally stays at the new seven-story
hotel, the name of which is the Lord
Beaverbrook.

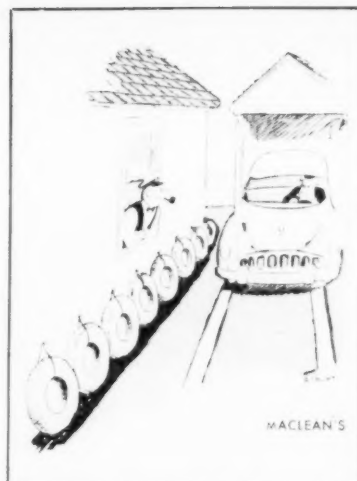
The president of UNB, tall hand-
some Dr. A. W. Trueman, a native of
the Maritimes, was president of the
University of Manitoba when Beaver-
brook induced him to return east and
accept the presidency of smaller (nine
hundred students) UNB. Strolling
together on the windswept campus
Trueman and Beaverbrook pass a
men's residence, a gymnasium and a
new library wing—three Beaverbrook
gifts.

Inside the library wing is another
Beaverbrook gift: the papers of David
Lloyd George and Andrew Bonar Law,
prime ministers of Britain, and Richard
Bedford Bennett, prime minister of
Canada. Law and Bennett were both
New Brunswickers.

On solemn occasions, in his flowing
robes, Beaverbrook is the picture of
dignity, but at other times he's prob-
ably the most impish and unpredict-
able university chancellor in Canadian
history. As host and chairman at an
evening entertainment his eyes twinkle
as he demands songs from guests who
can't sing and speeches from guests who
fumble their words. Acting on impulse
he has written UNB large cheques on
the backs of used envelopes and scraps
torn from scratch-pads.

With the elms forming arches over
its streets and the clear unpolluted
river meandering by with silver salmon
in its depths, Fredericton's a spot a
man can easily fall in love with. Take
the case of Brigadier Michael Wardell,
professional soldier, London socialite,
wealthy proprietor of a string of sport-
ing papers in Britain. A couple of
years ago, on a holiday, he accom-
panied Beaverbrook to Fredericton and
liked it so much, and was so attracted
by its business possibilities, he decided
to return for keeps. Tall, distinguished-
looking, with a black patch over an
eye he lost in World War I, he bought
the Daily Gleaner from the Crockett
brothers, Alexander and Wallace, whose
father had founded it sixty years ago.
Now the debonair Londoner has settled
down as Fredericton's newspaper
publisher.

Others have fallen in love with
Fredericton the same way, among them
Joseph Marshall, Baron d'Avray, a
Scottish scholar with a French title.
An ardent supporter of the Bourbon
monarchy in France, he took a vacation
from cloak-and-dagger intrigue, drifted
to Fredericton on a trip more than a
century ago, and stayed to establish
the New Brunswick Teachers' College.
And it was Fredericton that drew wild
and woolly Sam Napier, who hit the
jackpot in the Australian gold rush.
Sam, who stumbled on the biggest
nugget of all time (there's a plaster
cast of it in the British Museum),
arrived in Fredericton with his pockets
full of money, got himself elected to
the New Brunswick legislature, and did
his best to turn the assembly chamber
into a rumpus room. Bored by dull
speeches he'd sneak live roosters in and
release them from the galleries to flap



and screech over the desks, and hire
bands and organ-grinders to create a
din outside the windows.

But not all the speeches were dull.
Fredericton is where a Dr. C. M.
Atkinson said of another old-time legis-
lator, William Wilson: "The honorable
gentleman is a frowsy-haired beaver-
eyed buffoon." Not to be outdone
Wilson retorted: "The honorable gen-
tleman (Atkinson) is a cross between
a baboon and an ass and can trace
his pedigree through scoundrels for a
thousand years." Fredericton is also
where James Gough, another bygone
master of the remark discourteous, said
of a bald adversary with a wart in the
middle of his pate: "The honorable
gentleman's head is so full of cupidity
that he has to have a poop deck to
carry his brains in."

The old sandstone Legislative Build-
ing where invective reached such
heights has draughty rooms, floors
that creak, steampipes that clank, a
mosquelike dome reputed to be in-
habited by bats, and a library with a
treasure and a mystery. The treasure
is a complete and original set of
Audubon's portfolios, Birds of America,
hand-tinted, bound beautifully, worth
a fortune, and vaguely rumored to have
once belonged to the Duc d'Orleans.
The mystery is how the set got there.
It appeared, without explanation one
day in the 1850s and there is no record
to show how, where from, or why.

A Duel to the Death

But, in the crammed shelves of the
oak-beamed library, there are records
of nearly everything else. You can
read of the adventures of early legis-
lators as they journeyed to Fredericton
for the session over the ice of the St.
John River or through snowdrifts and
virgin forests. There were wolves then,
and panthers, and trampling herds of
caribou, and unfriendly Indians, and
the tallest and straightest trees were
branded with the King's Arrow to show
they were reserved as masts for the
Royal Navy.

It was 1819 before Fredericton had
a lumber road north to the Miramichi
River, which empties into the Gulf of
St. Lawrence, and 1826 before it had
a wagon trail to Saint John, seventy
miles to the south, beside the Bay of
Fundy. By stagecoach Saint John was
a two-day haul.

You can read of the early duels. In
the last of them, in Oct. 1821, on
Maryland Hill on the outskirts of
Fredericton, now covered with neat
new houses, George L. Wetmore, law-
yer, killed George Frederick Street,
also a lawyer. Wetmore, charged with
murder, was acquitted on a flimsy
technicality and later appointed to the
Supreme Court.

By the 1830s Scottish, Irish and

English immigrants were streaming in to the Fredericton district to harvest the green wealth of the woods, giant logs glided by on the river in endless rafts, saws roared in the mills, stores and barrooms had sprung up. In the spring, when men emerged from the lumber camps bearded and tough and eager for excitement, Fredericton women stayed indoors—and locked the doors. By 1837 four steamboats made a weekly round trip from Fredericton to Saint John when the river was open.

Increasing bitterness developed between the Loyalist oligarchy and the newcomers who sought government of, by and for the people. Downstream from Fredericton, where Loyalist gentry lived on one side of the river and workers on the other, they devoted otherwise quiet summer evenings to bellowing insults back and forth. The Imperial garrison was strengthened to buttress the oligarchy and scarlet-coated soldiers were contemptuously called "lobster backs" and waylaid and beaten. Lemuel Allan Wilmot, the politician whose hand still points from the church steeple, was recognized at the age of twenty-four as the leader in the struggle for democracy, the champion of the ordinary individual. In the 1840s Wilmot wrecked the Family Compact, the old order vanished, a new order arose and Fredericton was busy, booming, prosperous.

This was New Brunswick's Golden Age. With its lumbering, its shipyards and its fisheries, and with its fleets of sailing vessels cruising the world's trade lanes, it was the wealthiest province in British North America, and nowhere did money flow more freely than in its capital.

Proud of their river, their hills, their fine buildings, Frederictonians started calling their community the Celestial City, a phrase they still use. Farming flourished in the fertile district around; great orchards were planted downstream. Upstream, immigrants driven from Ireland when blight swept the potato fields and caused the Irish famine, found wonderful potato land in New Brunswick, which now has a twenty-million-dollar-a-year potato crop. Already the capital and the university seat, Fredericton became the shopping centre of an agricultural area.

Although the Loyalist aristocrats had been deposed Fredericton clung to the old elegance, the old lavishness. Its inns were renowned for their food and drink; and the learned scholars from the college on the hill paced the conversation at social gatherings, even as they do today. When an exhibition building was erected in the 1860s it was modeled after London's Crystal Palace, no less, and when a city hall was put up in the 1870s cultural elements insisted that it have a square with a fountain and that its top floor be a theatre.

When the first federal census was taken in 1871 Fredericton had a population of six thousand and stood sixteenth among Canada's towns. Although its population is now sixteen thousand it has dropped far down the list in relative size. Its achievements have far outstripped its growth.

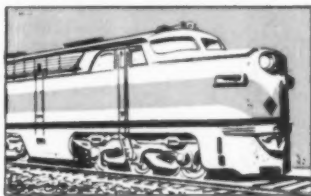
The footwear manufactured by its three shoe factories, the John Palmer Co., Hartt Boot and Shoe Co., and the Palmer-McLellan Shoe Co., is internationally known. Palmer-McLellan originated the moccasin-type shoe, now worn everywhere, and the first men's shoes with the thick-soled "bold look" were designed by Hartt, a company which has made shoes for a circus midget and two British kings.

William and Harry Chestnut, Fredericton brothers who liked canoeing in the days when most canoes were bark craft fashioned by the Indians, decided

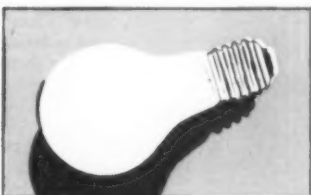
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We've got something to gush about...



Copper and its alloys provide many integral parts for locomotives, passenger and freight cars, railroad signalling and communication systems.



Modern lighting could not exist without Copper's inherent qualities—good working properties, durability, high electrical and thermal conductivity.

There is a deafening roar—a burst of black against the sky, and the latest Alberta oil gusher "comes in". Production in this field alone has reached 6,150,000 barrels for a single month. Once again, man's genius has tapped the riches of a natural resource to provide better living for Canadians.

In the oil industry, as in so many other industries, copper and its alloys play an important part. As Canada expands, so does the variety of uses, and the need for the red metal. That's why Anaconda is preparing today for Canada's tomorrow, with a \$4,000,000 addition to the plant, and a continuing program of product improvement, based on experience plus the highest technical knowledge.

FOR COPPER AND ITS ALLOYS

Consult

ANACONDA

Main Office and Plant: New Toronto, Ontario. Montreal Office: 939 Dominion Square Bldg. ANACONDA—since 1922 Headquarters in Canada for Copper and Brass.



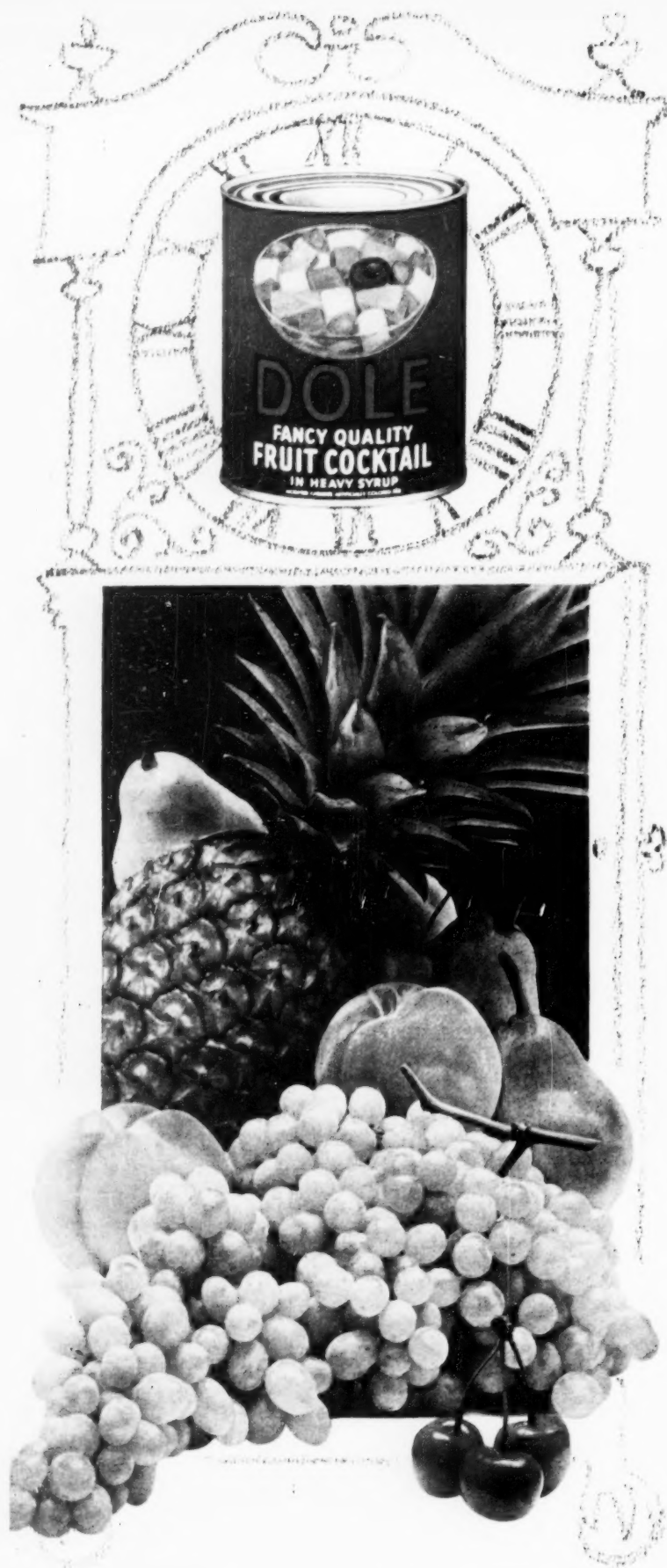
COPPER PROTECTS YOUR HOME FROM RAIN AND SNOW

Eavestroughs, downspouts, flashings and valleys made from durable Anaconda Copper outlast by far those made from ordinary rustable metals... save expense, rust repairs and replacements... and prevent damage through leaks to walls and ceilings.

ASK YOUR ROOFING CONTRACTOR FOR A PRICE ON A RAIN DISPOSAL SYSTEM OF ANACONDA COPPER



Q-5201



Mealtime Magic—and it takes only seconds to serve!

That's DOLE Fruit Cocktail—whole peaches and pears

gem-cut, grapes, cherries, with true Hawaiian pineapple

a-plenty! No better time than now to try it!

LOOK FOR THE DOLE LABEL ON TRUE HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE—THE TREASURED ISLAND FRUIT

that they could make better canoes than the Indians, and did. Before they died their Chestnut Canoe Company was the biggest in the British Commonwealth, and Indians themselves, right across Canada, were not only buying Chestnut canoes but Chestnut snowshoes. This concern is still operated by members of the Chestnut family, but is now associated with the Peterborough Canoe Co. of Ontario.

Whole fleets of Chestnut canoes are used in the spring and early summer by Fredericton's fiddlehead pickers. Fiddleheads, the delicately flavored young fronds of a type of fern that grows by the St. John River, were relished tremendously by Algonquin Indians. Whites around Fredericton tried them and liked them and, cooked like asparagus, they've been a favorite Fredericton dish for generations. Now, canned or frozen, they're being exported to the United States as an epicurean special that is featured on the menus of several of New York's best hotels.

Fredericton is the gateway to some of the best hunting and fishing in New Brunswick and has turned outdoor sport into big business. It organized North America's first registered guides' association.

The Fredericton experimental farm of the Federal Department of Agriculture is the scene of Canada's seed-potato projects. The project which has now resulted in blight-resistant potatoes, and which is of world importance, was initiated in the 1930s and has been in progress ever since. Success came when a wild Mexican species, impervious to blight, was crossed with established commercial strains. The blight-resistant varieties, by the way, have vividly colored blossoms with an exotic fragrance, so the potato fields of the future will look and smell like flowerbeds.

Fredericton, which had the first provincial public health ministry in the country, also has the first forest rangers' school, where rangers of both New Brunswick and Nova Scotia are given practical training. This is located on the property of the University of New Brunswick, which owns several thousands of acres of forests, lakes and streams.

At Harvey, near Fredericton, a lumberman named Harry Corey was responsible for another noteworthy first. He deeded a wood lot to a rural high school with the stipulation that the students should work it themselves and that the profits should be used for university scholarships. The "Corey plan" has spread throughout N.B. and is being tried in other provinces.

In a former army camp at Fredericton weaving looms thump, wood lathes hum, leather workers pound. This is the provincial handicraft school, where any New Brunswicker can learn a craft and many of them have. Dr. Ivan Crowell, the director, is a plant pathologist by profession. In depression days he was on the staff of McGill University and launched a hobby club in the cellar of his home to help students work their way through college by producing and selling handicraft goods. So successful was the idea that McGill assigned Crowell to be a full-time handicraft instructor with several assistants. The New Brunswick government engaged him six years ago and he has sparked a province-wide revival of handicrafts.

Fredericton, since 1941, has shown a spurt in growth. Close to four thousand newcomers have moved in, eight hundred new homes have been built and there are some impressive new public buildings.

But the newcomers have enjoyed the ways of the old residents and adopted

them. No Frederictonians are more dyed-in-the-wool than the recent arrivals, or eat more fiddleheads, or bow more gracefully. And careful town planning—town planning with public opinion behind it—has prevented construction from leaving scars. The public buildings look as though they had always been there; the new homes are spaced well apart, behind adequate lawns, on large lots. The trees still arch across the streets and from any part of the business section you can still catch a glimpse of the river. Fredericton has no slums.

It's a friendly town, Fredericton—busy but never too busy to pass the time of day. John McNair, the urbane neatly groomed lawyer who has been New Brunswick's Premier for twelve years, strolls up Queen Street with Lord Beaverbrook, and Beaverbrook waits with a smile while McNair pauses to say hello to a farmer from his native Tobique Valley. In a downtown bookstore members of the Fiddlehead Club, a Fredericton literary group, browse through new books and discuss trends in writing with red-haired attractive Margaret Hall, the owner. Dr. H. S. Wright, the mayor, interrupts his rounds to dig into his pocket for a piece of candy for a kid he ushered into the world. On the steps of the federal building, Mrs. A. S. Fergusson, the only woman in Canada who is a provincial director of family allowances, talks of salmon flies with a guide, potato markets with a potato grower. A lawyer, she's been both a potato grower and a police magistrate, and is, like most Frederictonians, a salmon angler.

A merchant pedals by on his bicycle, tipping a derby hat to acquaintances. Mrs. Annie Mathewson, for years the city editor of the Gleaner, grabs a hurried snack at a sandwich bar so she'll have a few minutes to call on a sick friend at noon. Sitting next to her are two harness-racing fans, regaling each other with a stride-by-stride description of the glorious day the bay gelding Walter Dale broke the Canadian trotting record on Fredericton's half-mile track. A grey-haired Indian, his shoulders piled high with gaudy baskets, stops a deputy minister to ask whether the deputy's wife's brother had a good trip to Montreal.

Just about everybody in Fredericton, from the Premier to the Indian basket-maker, has a kindly and neighborly interest in everybody else, and a dignified sort of courtesy. There was a marvelous example of this courtesy during the last war. A group of dowagers joined a volunteer fire brigade and a hose broke from their grasp, lashed about like a giant snake, and upended them on the wet pavement. The spectators, instead of guffawing, gravely assisted the ladies to their feet. Even if you could find another town of sixteen thousand with a record of accomplishments that equals Fredericton's, or that can match Fredericton's scenery and charm, you couldn't find another town with manners like that. ★

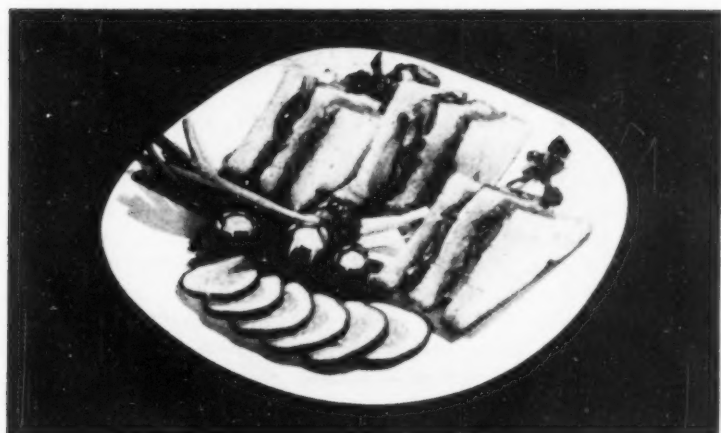
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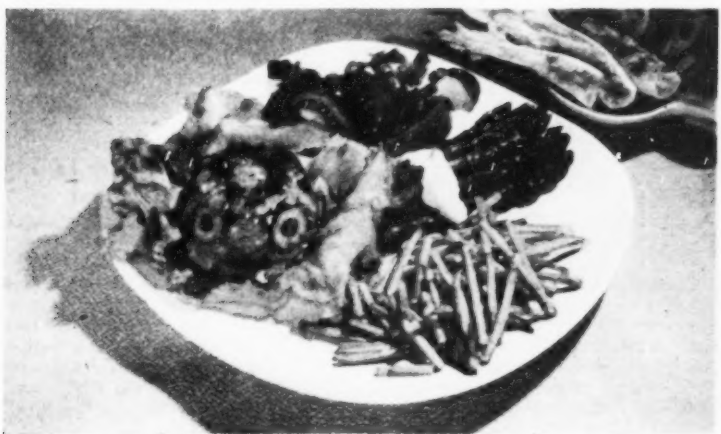
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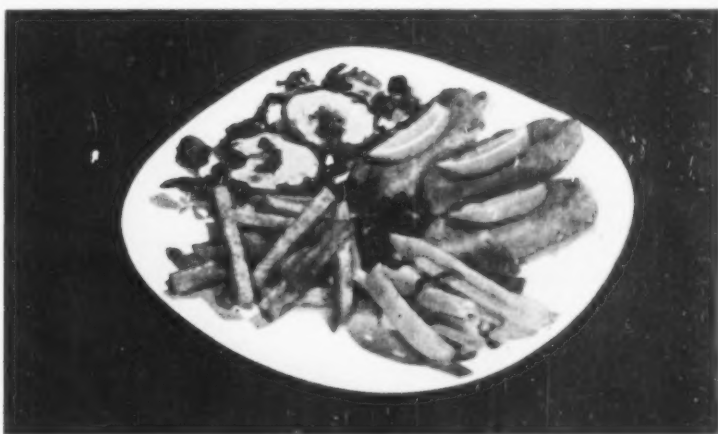
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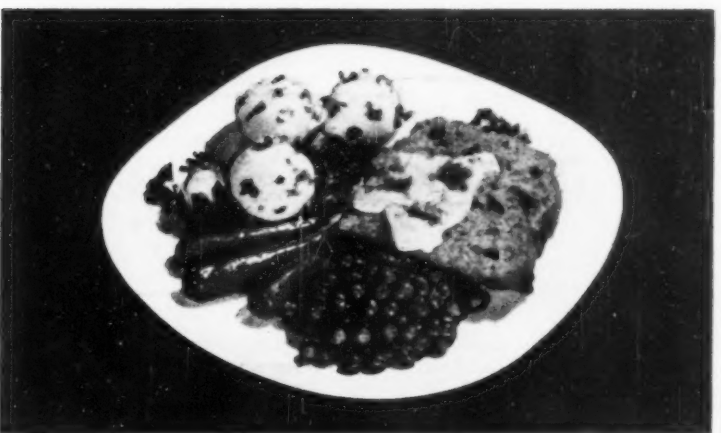
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CREAMED CANNED SALMON. *A hurry-up luncheon or a party special—that's how to rate this Canned Salmon dish. Turn flaked Canned Salmon into a white sauce, add leftover peas and a few pieces of chopped red pimento. Serve hot on toast, on baking powder biscuits or over patty shells.*

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What Kind of Canadians Are We Getting?

Continued from page 17

the first time since 1929 Canada was really in the immigration business again.

During the first nine months of 1951 our 130,000 immigrants broke down as follows: The largest group, about 22,000, were Britons. And from there: Germans 16,427, Dutch 15,880, Italians 15,338, Poles 8,148, Americans 6,015, Hebrews 4,756, Ukrainians 4,273, Estonians 3,927, and so down the long list of nationalities to Iranians, 3. Forty percent of the continental Europeans were displaced persons from German refugee camps whose countries lie behind the Iron Curtain.

In these figures there is one glaring sign that has some Canadians worried. Britons, although the largest single group in our immigration, are down to below seventeen percent of the total, the lowest in our immigration history.

E. H. Gurton, until recently European commissioner in London for the CNR department of colonization, says: "This is the most serious criticism of Canadian immigration today. . . . We could easily obtain four times as many British immigrants if our government wanted to." Gurton, with twenty-eight years' experience, is one of Canada's leading authorities on immigration.

The British share of immigration to Canada has been drying up. Until 1925 it was sixty-two percent. In the next twenty-five years it dropped to forty-eight. By 1948 the percentage was down to thirty-eight. Now it's seventeen. Meanwhile the proportion of immigrants from continental Europe has climbed from an inconsequential twenty percent to more than seventy-five percent last year.

Of Canada's 1951 immigrants one in six was British, three in every four were continental Europeans. "A slow but certain change in the racial composition of the Canadian people is inevitable unless the trend is arrested," says Gurton.

What has caused the slump?

Immigration Minister Walter E. Harris and his aides say that official British opposition to emigration and restrictions on money exports are to blame. But Gurton says the government is dodging the issue. "It is just not interested enough in immigration from Britain to spend a little money and encourage it. It's cheaper and a lot less trouble to round up immigrants on the Continent."

Aussie Got the Plums

The British Government is certainly not strenuously opposed to emigration, for under the long-standing Empire Settlement Act it is still willing to contribute a big lump of an emigrant's ocean fare if the commonwealth country involved matches it. Much of the present-day emigration to Australia is subsidized by Britain in this manner. But Canada has always been reluctant to accept this because of Quebec opposition to any plan that exclusively encourages British immigration.

While our own intake of British settlers dropped from forty-four thousand in 1947 to thirteen thousand in 1950, Australia increased its British immigrants from fifteen thousand a year to more than seventy-five thousand.

At present a Briton may bring three thousand dollars to Canada with him plus seven hundred and fifty dollars for his wife and each child. He may also use extra money left in Britain



HOW WILLIE WOODED THE MUSE

Willie McWhirtle was a writer of no little fame. Until, that is, he brought out a book of what he Thought was poetry, and all the critics worthy of The name, panned it, and said: "How could it be. When almost anyone can understand it?" Now Willie had been making lots of money rhyming June with moon, and the information that he was Less than a sensation as a bard, came hard, and Caused him to sink into a sort of gentlemanly swoon. So after a while, to keep from going mad, or at the Very least, slightly bats, Willie gathered up his Worldly goods, and gave everything he had to a Home for homeless cats. Then, in his garret room Willie wrote, and starved, and patched the patches on His overcoat, until one day the banners of his genius Unfurled. He penned a poem so very great that his Creative urge was satisfied. And then he died. Spent, bent, behind in his rent, but nevertheless, Blissfully content. For only he, in all the great Wide world, knew what it meant!

—Georgina Lusse

for "tools of the trade" for export to Canada—a loophole that has been given wide interpretation. Obviously these restrictions discourage the man with money but few moneyed men are interested in emigrating.

There are three real reasons for the slump in British emigration here:

1. Canada's assisted-passage plan looks pretty miserly compared with Australia's.
2. Our immigration machinery unintentionally favors the continental emigrant.
3. There is a shortage of transportation for immigrants between Britain and Canada.

A married man in Britain with two or three children needs close to one thousand dollars to establish himself and his family in Canada. If he has a job in which he can save that much money in Britain today he might investigate Canada's assisted-passage loan. For thirty dollars from his own pocket he can get to Canada and start work. Our government lends the balance.

But the assistance is for workers only. The family must wait until the immigrant can foot his travel bill. It's a good deal for a single man. But the married man—and forty percent of British enquirers about immigration are married—finds many drawbacks. While maintaining himself in Canada he must also maintain his family in Britain. He will have to repay the passage loan within two years, and he will have to save for his family's passage. Unless he can qualify for a good job in Canada he must face the gloomy prospect of being separated from his family for one to two years.

Yet for about one hundred and fifty dollars the married Briton can take his whole family from their home town to a new home in Australia, with housing and a job guaranteed. Australia puts up the rest as a gift. If the family stays in Australia for two years not a cent has to be repaid.

As Canada's assisted-passage plan is best suited to single men, it is loaded heavily in the non-Briton's favor. About half of the warrants issued for assisted passage have been for continental EVWs (European voluntary workers) living in Britain, and a large share of the remainder have gone to refugees. EVWs are displaced persons or German ex-prisoners of war who came to or remained in Britain at the end of the war to assist with reconstruction. Most are single men and Canada's offer is an opportunity thousands have been hoping for.

The Emigrant Waits Till Last

A large proportion of continentals in Europe who are interested in emigration are also single. The dependants of many are still behind the Iron Curtain.

The assisted-passage plan has been heavily used by continentals for another reason. To qualify, an immigrant must have assured employment in Canada. This means, usually, that he must come as part of a bulk or group movement, recruited to fill specific orders from Canadian industries. These orders we often filled too hastily. Immigrants are available on the Continent in wholesale batches in refugee camps. But in Britain recruiting has

Continued on page 36



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Continued from page 34

to be done on an individual basis.

The British emigrant has another obstacle—a shortage of shipping space. Some have waited six months for passage to Canada, then gone to Australia instead. The emigrant is the last type of passenger to get space. Two-way business gets priority over the one-way immigration trade and shipping companies are also forced to give priority to business paid for in dollars.

The emigrant from the continent can obtain passage to Canada or the U. S. more easily because the International Refugee Organization has several ships chartered exclusively for emigrant traffic. Also, continental lines employ many smaller ships which do not qualify under British shipping requirements to carry British passengers. We now have a couple of ships carrying immigrants only, but their capacity is far short of requirements.

Meanwhile the Canadian Government has tried to fill the gap by means of a deal with TCA whereby emigrants get empty west-bound plane seats at approximately the same fare as a ship's berth. But in August TCA estimated it would have only five hundred seats for immigrants to the end of the year and at that time there was a waiting list of twenty-five hundred.

British emigration to Canada could have been tripled in 1951 by the sole provision of more transportation. To the end of August more than fifty-five thousand emigrants had been processed in Britain and were ready to come as fast as passage space became available. Only twenty thousand actually arrived. The rest were still waiting.

Perhaps the most revealing clue to the entire matter is that Canada spent six million dollars on immigration in 1951 while Australia spent the equivalent of forty million dollars.

Gurton believes that if we provide an adequate supply of transportation, cut its cost by forty percent and include dependants in the offer, we could easily increase our British immigration to almost half our total intake. This would hold the racial composition of the Canadian population at its present status, he points out.

One Hundred Interviews a Day

How tight is our screening against potential political troublemakers and against immigrants, who, because of unsuitable attitudes and personalities, are likely to become misfits in Canada?

Most people I interviewed felt we needed to be more careful. One official in an immigrant-aid society called our screening "infantile, puerile and pitifully inadequate." He said screening teams, usually of three men, move about Europe and frequently must interview more than one hundred applicants in a day. Usually they must work through interpreters and in the case of large numbers of displaced persons there are no police or other records that can be checked. They can ask only routine questions and a well-schooled applicant can easily evade detection.

Yet selection teams working against these handicaps approved twenty thousand immigrants in 1951 from Italy, where more than one-third of the citizens voted Communist at their last election. There were twenty thousand more from Germany where, according to recent immigrant arrivals, a resurgent Nazism is spreading a creed as rabidly anti-democratic as Communism.

Two years ago a young Danish couple, very intelligent and speaking perfect English, came highly recommended to Canadian immigration au-



thorities in Europe. They made a favorable impression, were quickly processed and sent to Toronto where, because of their high rating, they were given what was regarded as a choice position operating a farm for a railway executive. A few weeks later it was learned that the couple were widely known in Denmark as leading Communist agitators. RCMP in Toronto was instructed to arrest and hold them for deportation. The couple had vanished. Today, two years later, they are still missing.

A trickle of Europeans with anti-democratic beliefs is undoubtedly flowing into Canada. Although we could probably never prevent it altogether, with larger and well-trained detection staffs we could reduce it. There are too many thousands of displaced persons whose past is hidden behind the Iron Curtain.

The Threat of Deportation

But suspicions of some Canadians that every immigrant who speaks a foreign language must be an agent of Stalin is ridiculous. The very fact they are displaced persons in most cases means they have been victimized by Communism and have abandoned everything they owned to escape it. Most of them know better than any Canadians the menace and methods of Communism.

When the story of Canada's postwar immigration is finally analyzed the anti-Communist influence of the displaced persons we are getting may turn out to be one of its greatest benefits.

Aid societies and provincial departments handling immigrants claim the immigrant deserves a better welfare deal from the federal government. During his first and most difficult year the immigrant is welfare's forgotten man. After a year the municipality in which he lives becomes responsible if he hits bad luck and innocently becomes a public charge.

"During that first year the immigrant has enough problems and he deserves some protection against sickness," an Ontario official said. "There is nothing we could do that would make him respect Canada more. As it is, if he runs up a hospital bill he must appear before a board of enquiry, formally explain why he became a public charge and when he can repay his debt. All the time there is the frightening threat of deportation over his head. He gets a very sympathetic hearing and is never deported for a hospital debt alone. But it's all very frightening to a new immigrant who may only vaguely understand what is going on."

"The new immigrant, and particularly his children, seem unusually susceptible to sickness during their first couple of months," said Daniel Drutz of the Jewish Immigrant Aid Society.

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Little Plumbing Ideas

that pay big dividends!

A little thought and planning can often make a world of difference in bathroom convenience and efficiency. It's a good idea first to figure out your family's requirements—and thereby determine the facilities you need. In planning layouts, you must of course consider such factors as the location of door and windows, placing of the radiator—and the placing of the piping to assure rapid, efficient draining. So it's wise to consult your Architect or Plumbing and Heating Contractor early. They can show you how your fixtures can be arranged for maximum efficiency and minimum expense.

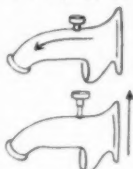
LAYOUTS—There are six basic bathroom plans. These are shown in the



48-page full-colour booklet "A Guide to Practical Planning of the Bathroom, Powder Room, Kitchen and Home Laundry". This also contains much helpful information on many other aspects of home

plumbing. Another useful book you'll want is ADM-4607-A "How to Select the Right Heating System for Your Home". You can get copies from your Plumbing and Heating Contractor—from the Crane Branch nearest you—or by writing to Crane's General Office: 1170 Beaver Hall Square, Montreal.

SPOUT—One of the most ingenious of Crane fittings, which has been widely acclaimed, is the *Deviator Spout* for showers. It assures that there will be no surprise shower. When the water is turned on, it runs from the bathtub spout. Once the water is tempered, by hand or toe, to suit the bather, the little knob on the spout is raised and the water gushes from the shower head. Then when the water is shut off, the knob *automatically* drops back. Ask your Plumbing and Heating Contractor about this clever device. Ask him, too, about the now readily available *thermo-static valve*. It controls the temperature of the tub's water supply, is a valuable safeguard against scalding.



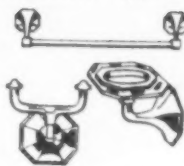
LIGHTING—Adequate lighting is important—shaving lights, make-up light, etc. Then you want, too, plenty of mirrors—on doors, in front of windows or in other convenient places.

STORAGE—If possible you'll want to keep a reserve supply of bathroom linens, soap, toilet paper, etc. right in the bathroom. You may be able to provide for a linen closet—behind a door (perhaps a sliding door) with a full-length mirror. There is often unused space beneath a window which can be boxed in for storage—or space at the end of the bathtub for a cabinet of drawers. Up high is a good place to store such items as hot water bottles which aren't used every day. The toilet tank provides a convenient shelf; all in the Crane line are designed to serve this purpose.

WARNING—Electric fixtures, pull chains, switches and appliance plugs should never be located where it is possible for anyone to reach them while standing in the bath. Your electrical contractor will advise you on this important precaution.

COLOUR—The opportunity to create desired colour effects in the bathroom is greater than ever today, since all Crane plumbing fixtures—bathtubs, wash basins and toilets—are now available in a range of charming colours and white. The general colour scheme is of course a matter of individual taste. If the room gets the dull north light, bright sunny colours are suggested. If it faces south, you'll probably prefer cool greens or blues.

ACCESSORIES—Attractive appearance can be enhanced by smart accessories that harmonize with modern fixtures and fittings. A complete line of lasting, gleaming soap containers, towel racks (you'll want plenty of them), grab rails, etc. is available in Gerity-ware, designed in "Lifetime Chrome".



CARE—We cannot too often repeat to home owners, that when "doing over" kitchen or bathroom, a little care in covering fixtures and tilework to protect them from paint will save much tiresome cleaning up afterwards. Don't allow anyone to use acids or scrapers on the surface of your vitreous china, porcelain enameled cast iron, or porcelain-on-steel plumbing fixtures.

Also—don't allow anyone who is doing the renovating to stand on the fixtures, or to place wash bucket, paint can or plastering tools on them. Serious damage can be done by their sharp edges and by grit embedded in the soles of shoes or exposed nails in the heels. On the other hand, reasonable care will insure that your plumbing fixtures will stay bright and gleaming as new indefinitely.



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Continued from page 36
 "Different climate, different diet and emotional strain are probably the causes. It creates an unanticipated expense and loss of income at the worst possible time."

Another criticism I heard from several sources was that federal settlement officers were not doing enough to discourage grouping in tight little national settlements. In some cases the formation of national settlements has occurred with government encouragement.

E. H. Gurton, who had considerable

experience with this problem in western Canada as a CNR colonization official, said: "Allowing immigrants to mass until they outnumber the local population is one of the worst things that can happen. They set up a fence around themselves, antagonize the local population and create an undesirable situation that takes two or three generations to wipe out. Limited grouping is wise. Immigrants of the same nationality will help each other. But grouping to the extent of local domination slows down absorption into the Canadian population."

Ukrainian groups settled in western Canada in earlier immigration periods have retained their nationality so that sometimes a third generation is reached before a fluent knowledge of English is acquired.

At present the most serious grouping involves Dutch farmers and the immigration department is stumped for a solution because the concentrations are being promoted by Dutch church leaders. Normally Dutch immigrants assimilate well and quickly into the Canadian population, but the assimilation is being hindered now by a

church rivalry which is herding them together for the establishment of stronger church congregations. Church leaders are discouraging mixing and there have been cases in Ontario of well-established Dutch families being uprooted and moved into a Dutch settlement where the economic opportunities are much poorer than where they were.

Provincial departments of education have been of tremendous help to immigrants by establishing night classes in English and citizenship. But their efforts in promoting good citizenship have been nullified to a considerable extent among professional immigrant classes by a short-sighted government policy under which thousands have been required to work for a year as laborers before becoming free agents. Under this ruling we have had the anomalous situation of noted European doctors working as farm laborers, of women dentists and commercial artists washing dishes for fifteen dollars a week. Many professionals and intellectuals have been embittered enough by this to seek entry to the U. S.

The labor-contract ruling doesn't apply to as many immigrants now as it did before 1950 and it is no longer as serious an antagonizing factor as it was. Under our restricted pre-1950 immigration Canada was primarily interested in getting labor for its farms, mines and lumber camps. Immigrants were being recruited for these jobs mainly and they were required to sign a contract agreeing to stick for a year with the employment to which they were directed. Many skilled and professional people in Europe found they could get to Canada only by signing a labor contract.

The Professor Drives a Truck

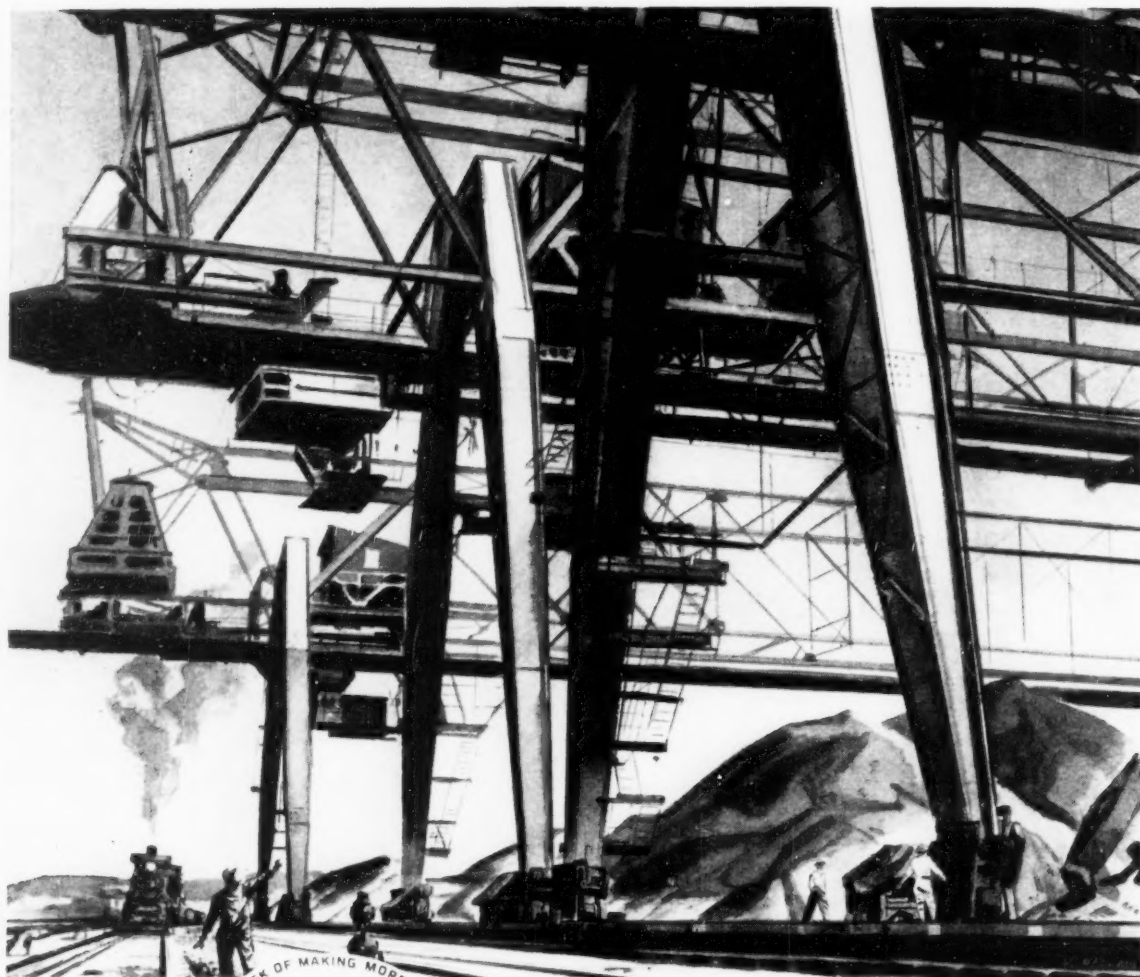
Today only those who receive an assisted-passage loan or are recruited specifically for a certain employment are required to sign the one-year contract. Between January and September 1951 about twenty thousand fell into these classes. Under our broadened immigration regulations more professionals and skilled tradesmen can now reach Canada without resorting to the labor-contract method. If they pay their own way or are sponsored by friends or relatives they can choose their job when they arrive. Usually the professional finds it difficult, in many cases impossible, to get work in his profession immediately in Canada because of licensing requirements and tests he must pass, but at least many are now free to find jobs closer to what they are accustomed.

Among recent arrivals, however, there are still a number of professional and skilled men coming as laborers. Many are prevented from practicing their trades or professions because of obstacles put in their way by unions and professional licensing associations.

Toronto has had an English professor of philosophy driving a garbage truck, a former officer in one of His Majesty's crack guards regiments sorting hides in a tannery, the assistant manager of one of Britain's largest coal mines working as a parcel sorter in a department store, and a highly skilled instrument-maker working as a dishwasher.

At Brantford, Ont., in 1949, a freight-shed worker saw a U. S. twenty-dollar bill protruding from a wooden crate. Customs officials and RCMP investigated, found the crate contained thirty-six thousand dollars in U. S. currency. The owner was a displaced person from Austria who had the money legally. He wished to use it in the purchase of some Canadian business but he was assigned to a Brantford district farm where he had to work a year first. ★

Canada's biggest moving job



Facts about STEELMAKING

3,750,000 tons of cargo are unloaded each year at Stelco's docks.

50,000,000 gallons of oil are needed each year for Stelco's furnaces.

1,750,000 tons of coal are used each year.

Stelco's iron ore requirements will increase to two million tons annually before the end of this year.

Pictured above are three towering "ore bridges" at Stelco's main steel plant. They are used to unload the huge carriers that bring ore and other materials to dockside. Each bridge weighs over 1350 tons, is 678 feet long and towers 120 feet above track level. To move one of these bridges to a new location is a giant task . . . to move all three—while keeping ore, coke, scrap and limestone moving to the furnaces at the rate of 10,000 tons every day—seems almost superhuman. Yet that is just one of many jobs the Stelco team is carrying out smoothly and efficiently in a planned, fast-moving expansion schedule. This future-minded program is giving Canada more steel today than ever before . . . and when completed, this year, will provide 50% more Stelco steel annually.

Canada needs steel to be strong, and can count on Stelco to make it.

THE Steel Company of Canada, LIMITED

Executive Offices: HAMILTON and MONTREAL

SALES OFFICES: HALIFAX, SAINT JOHN, MONTREAL, OTTAWA, TORONTO, HAMILTON, LONDON, WINDSOR, WINNIPEG, VANCOUVER. — J. C. PRATT & CO. LIMITED, ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND

Beverly Baxter's New York Letter

Continued from page 4

came to me. He was Harold Stassen, former governor of Minnesota, the runner-up to Thomas Dewey for the Republican presidential candidature last time, and now president of the University of Pennsylvania and still a great power in the party. If I have time on my return from Jamaica I intend to accept his invitation and spend a couple of days with him at his university.

On another occasion during the voyage Stassen spoke with a remarkable understanding of what 1914-1918 meant to Britain. "That war," he said, "took the flower of Britain's youth. The future leaders of your country died on the battlefield." And then he added: "They were not only the future leaders but they would have been the fathers of future leaders."

The Americans as a people are not given to the adjective "great" except as applied to athletes, especially all-in wrestlers. They are reticent in its use when referring to public figures. They concede greatness to Abraham Lincoln and after that they pretty well close the book. Roosevelt has shrunk in their estimation like the cat in Alice In Wonderland which disappeared completely except for its grin. No one now seems to have a good word for President Truman. In fact, a perfectly nice woman in New York has just assured me that Truman went to war in Korea so as to make money for himself out of rearmament. What answer, what comment can one make on such a statement?

* * *

What a city is New York! It never fails to fascinate and stimulate. On the landing dock I persuaded a customs inspector to deal with my two suitcases. He looked at them with a cold eye and then barked: "Open 'em up!" It sounded exactly like a gangster film in which someone invites someone else to stick 'em up.

I unlocked one case, whereupon he barked: "Close it! Open the other one!" I humbly obeyed and was rewarded with a further command: "Close it up." Whereupon he made two contemptuous marks on the suitcase and strode away without a word. I wonder why. I really wonder why. If he had known me I could have understood his dislike, but we were strangers to each other. To some extent he is a welcoming ambassador since he is the first to greet the incoming visitor. Does he really save time by excluding even a suggestion of courtesy? I doubt it.

Yet a few minutes later, driving to my hotel, the taxi driver, who had been stationed in the war as an American marine in Liverpool, was telling me of the grandest woman who ever lived, a woman in Liverpool who gave up her week's rations (unknown to the beneficiaries) in order to provide a Thanksgiving dinner for some American sailors who were stuck. "They're swell people them Limies. She was the best woman I ever seen." A better welcoming ambassador, you will agree.

* * *

And now I want to end this new world symphony with as strange a day as I have spent for many years and one that I shall not forget as long as memory functions. New York was in the grip of the holiday season with all the noise and fury it entails, and for some reason I wondered what would be happening in an American prison

on a day when everyone outside is celebrating after his own fashion.

I got in touch with Governor Dewey's office and in a few hours there came a message from him that if I would go the next morning at eleven o'clock to Sing Sing every facility would be given to see the grim famous fortress.

To all of us who have ever seen American gangster films the words Sing Sing have a sound of horror. The terms "the Big House" or "sent up the river" are part of the American vernacular and part of the American story. Here we would see men like

animals caged like animals. Here we would see the American version of Les Misérables men without hope, men without mercy, men at war with mankind.

The pleasant little town of Ossining is about thirty miles from New York City, a community of cedar trees and wooden verandahed houses plus a drug-store that sells everything except medicine. But if you make your way to the river you will come to a wall, a wandering sort of wall with gates that admit lorries and with lookout boxes where armed sentries keep their endless

vigil. But to my surprise there was no gloomy fortress like Pentonville or Wormwood Scrubs in England. Sing Sing is a place of scattered buildings with immense grounds that slope to the river, which at that point is as wide as a lake.

Principal keeper Kelley was waiting at the entrance, a tall, kindly-eyed Irish American who repeated the Governor's assurance that I was welcome to the full hospitality of Sing Sing. A moment later we were in the visitors' room where friends and relatives sit and talk to the convicts across a narrow table

BUILDING OR REMODELLING?

Check these features before
you choose your roof

- ✓ COLOURFUL BEAUTY
- ✓ ALL WEATHER PROTECTION
- ✓ FIRE RESISTANCE
- ✓ EXTRA LONG LIFE
- ✓ MINIMUM UPKEEP



There is more than meets the eye in choosing a roof. Of course you want appealing colours, smart styling and attractive appearance but you also want economy, protection and long-lasting qualities. You can be sure of all these important advantages when you make your choice

a Johns-Manville Asphalt Shingle roof. The Johns-Manville name is your assurance of top-flight quality.

For free copy of full-colour folder see your J-M dealer or write Canadian Johns-Manville, Dept. 28, 192 Bay Street, Toronto.

Johns-Manville Building Materials



DURABESTOS ROOF SHINGLES

Made of asbestos and cement, these J.M. shingles will not burn, rot or wear out! Available in a choice of eye-appealing colours all with attractive grained appearance.



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Here's a siding that never needs paint to preserve it, can't burn or rot! Cedargrains have all the charm and beauty of weathered wood. Choice of five colours.



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An improved J.M. Rock Wool product, Spintex provides home comfort and fuel savings — keeps your home snug and warm in winter — up to 15° cooler in summer. Available in all standard forms for new or existing buildings.

B 547



If you bake at home -
these are easy to make

It's bound to be a "Good Morning" —when you serve delicious, hot-and-fragrant Cinnamon Buns for breakfast. They'll win you plenty of praise... made with Fleischmann's Fast Rising Dry Yeast!

Full Strength—Goes Right to Work

Modern Fleischmann's Fast Rising Dry Yeast keeps for weeks and weeks right on your pantry shelf. It's fast—it's ACTIVE. All you do is:

1. In a small amount (usually specified) of lukewarm water, dissolve

thoroughly 1 teaspoon sugar for each envelope of yeast.

2. Sprinkle with dry yeast. Let stand 10 minutes.

3. THEN stir well. (The water used with the yeast counts as part of the total liquid called for in your recipe.)

Next time you bake, insist on Fleischmann's Fast Rising Dry Yeast. Keep several weeks' supply on hand. There's nothing like it for delicious soft-textured breads, rolls, dessert breads—such as all the family loves!

CINNAMON BUNS

Makes 2½ dozen

Measure into large bowl

1 cup lukewarm water
2 teaspoons granulated sugar
and stir until sugar is dissolved.

Sprinkle with contents of

2 envelopes Fleischmann's
Fast Rising Dry Yeast

Let stand 10 minutes, THEN stir well.

In the meantime, scald

1 cup milk

Remove from heat and stir in

½ cup granulated sugar

1¼ teaspoons salt

6 tablespoons shortening

Cool to lukewarm and add to yeast mixture.

Stir in 2 well-beaten eggs

Stir in 3 cups once-sifted bread flour

and beat until smooth; work in

3 cups more once-sifted bread flour

Turn out on lightly-floured board and

knead dough lightly until smooth and

elastic. Place in greased bowl, brush top

with melted butter or shortening. Cover and

set dough in warm place, free from

draught. Let rise until doubled in bulk.

While dough is rising, combine

1½ cups brown sugar

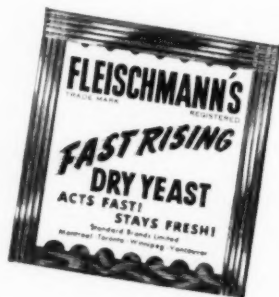
(lightly pressed down)

3 teaspoons ground cinnamon

1 cup washed and dried seedless

raisins

Punch down dough and divide into 2 equal portions; form into smooth balls. Roll each piece into an oblong ¼-inch thick and 16 inches long; loosen dough. Brush with melted butter or margarine. Sprinkle with raisin mixture. Beginning at a long edge, roll up each piece loosely, like a jelly roll. Cut into 1-inch slices. Place just touching each other, a cut-side up, in greased 7-inch round layer-cake pans (or other shallow pans). Grease tops. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Bake in moderate oven 350°, 20-25 minutes. Serve hot, or reheated.



There was a fat Negress visiting her son, who was dressed in a white shirt and prison grey flannels. When her time was up she leaned over and kissed the boy, then patted his cheek as she must have done so often when he was a baby. Then she smiled and moved swiftly away so that he would not see her tears. Crime is like war: women are the first casualties.

A few moments later a man with an artistic face, also dressed in white shirt and grey flannels, was demonstrating to us how he relayed the radio programs to the cells. There are two programs and each prisoner has an earphone. This man seemed equally competent and courteous, assuring me that it was a great honor to have a visitor from England. We shook hands in good-by and then he asked what the world was like outside.

"It's twenty years since I've seen it," he said. Twenty years hidden from a world that was little more than twenty yards from where he stood. He had murdered a man and had been reprieved just before the day of execution.

It was nearing noon and Kelley suggested we go outside and watch the men parade to their holiday dinner, for this was a day of no work. Six hundred inmates (the words "prisoner" or "convict" are never used) were walking about the grounds or talking in groups without any guards near them when an inmates' band, led by a short Negro, started up a lively military march. The ragged march started, but in no particular formation or any attempt to keep time to the music.

More than half the prisoners were Negroes and, as we stood with eight guards almost like an inspecting general taking a salute, the pitiful army looked with lazy curiosity at the visitor from outside. There were few vicious faces, some of the men were obviously perverts, but mostly they were just subnormal types—the spawn of heredity and squalor. Among them were men who were obviously educated and had held responsible positions. One of them bowed to me as he went past as if to say that he really did not belong to the motley crew and was only sorry he could not invite me to lunch.

The guards were armed only with truncheons. This is all part of the new prison psychology which Governor Dewey has encouraged so strongly. Perhaps there is shrewdness in it as well. If the guards carried guns the prisoners could get them if there were a rush, even if one or two were killed in the process.

Care to Sit Down, Sir?

When the inmates had gone the principal keeper showed us the rows of good-conduct cells. There is a barred window with a view of the river, a bed with a reading lamp, a small bookcase, a writing table with a lamp, running water and toilet. The door to the cell has open bars so that the inmate can talk with his immediate neighbors.

"But surely," I said, "these are far better living conditions than most of your inmates have ever experienced outside. Is it then a sufficient deterrent against crime?"

Kelley agreed this was a problem that still had to be studied. "But our idea," he said, "is first to try and convince these fellows that society does not hate them and then to show them there is a decent way of living if they will work hard for it. Perhaps we're right or perhaps we're wrong, but we look upon these inmates as sick men and we're trying to make them well."

A POET PERPLEXED



MAYBE THEY'RE
IMMUNE

I too like that flower smell
That bumble-bees all like so
well,
But when I try to smell a rose,
I get a very itchy nose,
And if it does the same to
bees,
Why have I never heard one
sneeze?

—L. G. MENDERSHAUSEN JR.

Then we went to the House of Death to that part of the prison where men count the hours before the swift current of electricity will numb the brain as life is taken from them by order of society. At the time of my visit nine men and one woman were in the condemned cells, although some of them may be reprieved. They are confined in cells across the Hall, grimly called the Dance Hall by tradition and are separated completely from the other prisoners.

The death chamber is as spotless as the operating room in a fashionable clinic. One would almost imagine that the authorities were determined there would be no danger of the condemned prisoner catching any infection as he walked to the electric chair, which looks small and insignificant as if it belonged to an unsuccessful dentist. Behind the chair is a white trolley ready to take the body away to an adjoining autopsy room and then on to a further room where wooden coffins are piled in neat rows.

Nothing could have exceeded the courtesy of the Death House guard and I felt as if I were letting down the side when I declined his invitation to sit in the electric chair. Like a coward I wanted to get away from this dreadful scene and the nearness of those ten people, born of woman, who may never hear again the laughter of children or feel the buoyant earth beneath their feet as they walk toward the hills.

Some day in a future century men and women will ask: "What kind of people were our ancestors who burned people to death in the name of justice and the law?" The brave man does it with a sword, the coward with a smile. It is not always true that the murderer is the cruelest of men.

So ends my New York Letter. I saw despair in Sing Sing, for it is a dreadful thing that there are men in our midst who must be contained within a wall on whose ramparts sentries keep their watch by day and night. But I also saw hope, even though it was dressed in prison garb. I saw warders and guards ministering to broken men, building or trying to build on human wreckage, encouraging dignity to rise from the swamps of shame. ★

The Riddle of Louis Riel

Continued from page 13

order. They came to a house with all its windows smashed, had just left the house when a volley of shots struck the trees in front of them. At the command, "Left wheel, gallop," they charged down upon thirty mounted métis in the shelter of a bluff. The rebels bolted for a ravine a hundred and fifty yards distant, throwing themselves from their horses still rolling in a gallop. The scouts dismounted, extended in skirmishing order and lay down.

"Fire away, boys!" an officer yelled, "and lie close; never mind if you don't see anything, fire!"

The Battle of Fish Creek had begun.

Down in the ravine the métis would pop up, take a snap shot, then blink from sight. Capt. H. G. Wise, who was sent back to hurry up the main force, had his horse shot from under him. Capt. Langford called out, "Major, I'm hit!" Two more troopers were wounded. Then Trooper D'Arcy Baker cried out, "Oh, Major, I'm hit!" as he received his death-wound bullet crashing into his chest.

In the clear still morning the white puffs of smoke blossomed and hung before the brush that hid the métis. Riderless horses were scattered over the open ground, some struggling in death agony. The wounded scouts did their best to crawl to the rear under the zip and ping of métis bullets whining overhead. With the main body came the roar of the cannon and the scream of bursting shells. A brave, brilliant in war paint, came out and danced in full view on the bank of the ravine; his dance ended in death with the whine of a bullet from Sgt. Stewart's rifle.

With a force dwindling from one hundred and fifty to forty-seven through desertion the métis held at bay an army of one thousand from seventy-two in the morning to eight in the evening. Four had been killed, two wounded. Middleton's losses had been ten killed, fifty wounded. On hearing this tally Dumont said: "Why, I think I've seen more than that dead in a prairie fire." Dumont attributed the victory to Riel, who had stayed in Batoche, praying fervently with his arms out to form a cross. There was no doubt in the hearts of his métis followers that the Lord had heard.

A Gatling for the Church

For two weeks General Middleton waited after the Battle of Fish Creek until the steamer Northcote would arrive with supplies and Capt. Howard with his Gatling. The general explained the delay by pointing out the necessity of getting his wounded to Saskatoon; actually after what had happened at Fish Creek he was not anxious to close with the métis until he had more reinforcements and the Gatling which he felt would give him an advantage he badly needed.

With his four cannon, his Gatling and nine hundred and seventeen soldiers Middleton marched on Batoche. Each man had started the day with a free cigar sent from a Montreal firm. A mile from the village the machine gun opened up on an unoccupied house, the river valley filled with smoke so that the soldiers were unable to see and the métis were warned of their approach. As they advanced the Gatling set fire to two more empty houses, then turned on a church a short distance above Batoche. From a house nearby three people came out waving a white handkerchief to inform the general that there was nobody there but two priests and a few women and children. The

After the shower... a Caldwell Towel

Step right out of that tub or shower into the sheer luxury and beauty of a CALDWELL TOWEL! No other has such a tender, velvety touch. No others come in such a glorious range of colours and patterns... soft, subtle pastels—deep, glowing shades. They're all a delight to the eye... and all feature the famous CALDWELL quality and long wear!

Colour movie for club or group showings FREE!

For full information and bookings of this action-packed, 1½ hour, 16mm. talking picture... write CALDWELL LINEN MILLS, Iroquois, Ont.

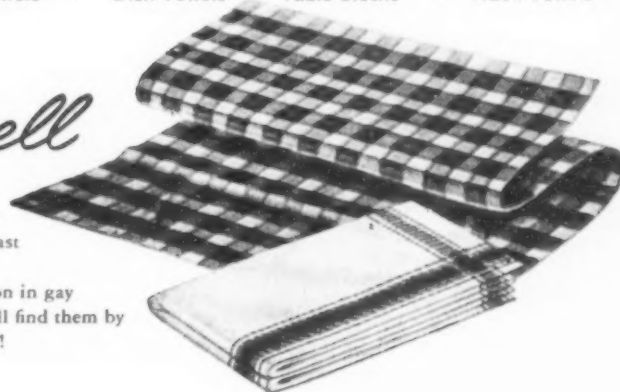


CALDWELL TOWELS

Bath Towels • Dish Towels • Table Cloths • Huck Towels

and it's colourful *Caldwell*
for kitchen and breakfast nook, too!

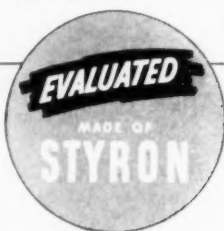
No need to limit the cheering CALDWELL influence to the bathroom. Brighten kitchen and breakfast nook with this famous line of quality dish towels and table cloths. Smooth, firm crash of linen or cotton in gay colours and patterns—stripes, checks and plaids! You'll find them by the yard or finished—at better stores everywhere!





*"I just went downtown to Buy a Couple of things.
Then I discovered Evaluated Housewares"*

*PS. They're plastic housewares that have been
laboratory appraised by the Dow Product
Evaluation Committee... Look for this Label →*



DOW CHEMICAL OF CANADA, LIMITED • TORONTO • MONTREAL • REGINA

*For a shine that lingers...
Use NUGGET Shoe Polish*



A Nugget shine stays on and on—easy to apply,
it rubs up fast to sparkling brightness. And
there's more than a shine to Nugget—there's
protection and new life for your shoes.

Ox-Blood, Black, White and all shades of Brown.

"Did you NUGGET your shoes this morning?"

general shook them kindly by the hand and continued his advance.

Dumont was ready. This prairie military genius who had spent his life as leader of the buffalo hunt, waging countless wars upon Indian enemies, had constructed rifle pits with ramparts of stone and poplar branches, stretching in a curve before the village. Out-numbered five to one the métis stopped Middleton's army in their tracks and held them near the church. The first day's skirmishing, which had begun at 9 a.m., ended at 7 p.m. The Gatling had fired three thousand rounds and wounded no one. The métis had killed two and wounded ten; Middleton's army—no score.

That night the elated métis knelt with Riel in prayer and thanked the Lord for the victory He had given them. Dumont and a picked group were not with the praying ones; in drizzling rain they kept up a long-range fire on the soldiers until darkness.

The second day of the Battle of Batoche, Sunday, May 10, began with cannon fire on the métis rifle pits. Howard cranked bullets from the Gatling for half an hour while Dumont and his men withheld their fire to save on their short supply of cartridges, only firing when Middleton's men tried to rush them. From time to time they raised dummies which Howard riddled with bullets, astonished that the product he was testing for his armament firm was not more effective against human flesh.

At dusk the men were astounded to be assembled for church parade. Drawn up in lines, backs to the enemy, they were asked to raise their voices above the métis rifle shots in Rock of Ages. Patiently they listened to the minister, only turning away occasionally to take a snap shot at the sharpshooters. The sermon went doggedly on while men dropped occasionally with a bullet in the leg or shoulder. As the sermon ended the minister asked the men to sing Onward Christian Soldiers.

"To hell with Onward Christian Soldiers," sang out an officer. "To the rifle pits, boys!"

The métis held Middleton's army at bay until the fourth day when Middleton made his inevitable head-on charge and routed them by force of numbers. For the first time during the engagement the métis suffered losses: twelve dead, plus a little girl and a baby killed by the Gatling; three had been wounded. In half an hour Batoche had fallen.

To a Cell in Regina

After the charge, a short distance away in a bluff where they had fled, Riel and Dumont and a few men stood by their horses.

"What are we going to do?" Riel said. "We're beaten."

"You ought to have known that when we first took up arms we were beaten," Dumont said. "There's nothing left to do but die." He proceeded to make two trips into Batoche, now held by the enemy, for blankets and dried meat and flour for the women and children, who had fled with the beaten métis.

To André Nault, Riel said: "Cousin, you ought to leave and try to make it across the border, but I'm going to give myself up. It's me they want and when my enemies have me, they'll be happy. Then my people will be unmolested and they'll have justice. Let's say good-by, Cousin."

On May 15, Riel walked quietly up to three of Middleton's scouts in a bluff not far from the village. The Saskatchewan Insurrection was virtually over.

On May 26, Riel's Indian ally, Chief

Poundmaker, bright with paint, surrendered. He had saved the force of Middleton's deputy, Col. Otter, from massacre by holding his eager warriors in check with a whip at the Battle of Cut Knife Creek. Two days later General Strange, another deputy, routed Big Bear—whose men were responsible for the Frog Lake massacre—with cannon fire at Frenchman's Butte. Big Bear surrendered in July. The insurrection had cost twenty million dollars and the lives of thirty-nine soldiers and thirty métis.

Riel was sent by steamboat to Regina, placed in a cell in the Mounted Police barracks to await his trial. He was charged with being a "false traitor" and accused of full responsibility for the uprising.

The return of the troops to the east was a stirring event. Toronto spared nothing in its welcome: flags and streamers whipped in the breeze; pictures of Middleton and his officers stared down from many places; spruce and cedar boughs grew from store fronts, window sills, lampposts, awnings and soldiers' rifle barrels. One newspaper headline read: TORONTO WELCOMES HER BRONZED HEROES WITH HEARTY RINGING CHEERS AND SCATTERS FRESH FLOWERS BENEATH THEIR TIRED AND DUSTY FEET.

With uniforms faded and patched and dusty the troops marched down King Street past boys perched on lampposts and chimney tops. As they passed guns were fired, hand bells, horns and gongs sounded; the chimes of St. James Cathedral rang out. They handed out uniform buttons and cartridges to the women who broke into their lines; they autographed hardtack for souvenirs.

Four Gophers for Mother

Excited faces stared down at them. Ladies fainted; men of the Toronto Field Battery rode their horses at a gallop against the pressing crowd to keep the street clear. At the City Hall six hundred school children dressed in pure white welcomed them. All over the city, for ten cents, a new song could be bought: The Charge At Batoche, with music by Professor Barton Browne. BRAVE HEARTS, screamed one banner. HURRAH FOR CAPTAIN HOWARD AND THE GATLING GUN.

With them the men brought home their own souvenirs: bows and arrows, moccasins, Indian axes, feather headdresses, buffalo guns, several Indian tepees, two Indian ponies, a wild mallard duck, a pair of magpies, a Red River cart, a buffalo bull calf, and four gophers.

While the rejoicing was going on in the east the cause of the celebration was in his Regina cell, the light of day filtering through a grated window. In the solid square door was a peephole for the guard. Riel slept on a shelflike bed beside which stood a small table with a bottle of holy water and a piece of rock from the fountain of Notre Dame de Lourdes. Riel's sister, Henriette—a nun—had sent it to him.

Soon after he arrived he asked Capt. Young, the officer in charge of his guard, if he might have some paper. Young brought him ten cents' worth of notepaper and fifty cents' worth of foolscap on which to write to his friends, his mother, his other relatives. Outside his cell the guards could hear the incessant scratch and whisper of his pen over foolscap. The sound stopped only for him to kneel by his bed and pray with a small statue of St. Joseph, the patron saint of the métis, clenched in his hand.

Continued on page 44

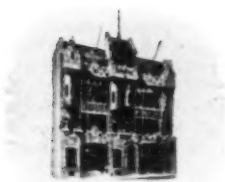


Speckled trout...

The thrill of the day's catch—the clean taste that's unforgettable—for this, fishermen come thousands of miles to Canada every year.

Seagram TELLS THE WORLD

"For clean taste... look to Canada"



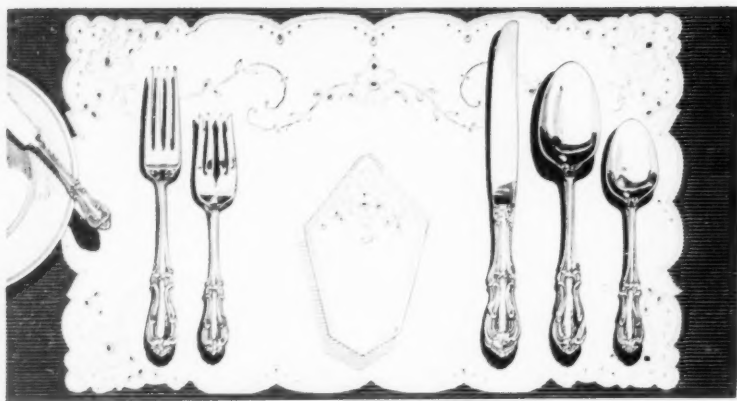
"Say 'Canada' and you think of sparkling-clear air; of icy, teeming streams; of sun-drenched farms and orchards. It seems only natural, then, that there should be an especially clean taste to so many of the good things from this favored land."

The above illustration and text are from an advertisement now being published by The House of Seagram throughout the world—in Latin America, Asia, Europe, and Africa. This is one of a series of advertisements featuring Canadian

scenes and Canadian food specialties. They are designed to make Canada better known throughout the world, and to help our balance of trade by assisting our Government's efforts to attract tourists to this great land.

The House of Seagram feels that the horizon of industry does not terminate at the boundary of its plants; it has a broader horizon, a farther view—a view dedicated to the development of Canada's stature in every land of the globe.

The House of Seagram



Glowing Loveliness the Silvo Way

The Silvo way—the safe, easy way to keep silver gleaming and beautiful—is recognized the world over. Gentle Silvo eases away all traces of dullness and tarnish, makes your precious silverware glow with loveliness. Because Silvo is made especially for silver, Silvo Liquid Polish is recommended by International Silver Company, makers of this beautiful new pattern, "Joan of Arc."

SILVO...
especially for silver



D-2

Coming Events...



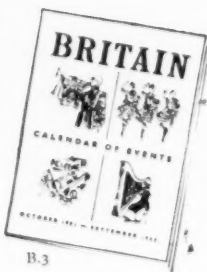
Highland Games in Scotland—where clansmen compete in trials of strength and skill.

in Britain

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COME TO BRITAIN IN 1952



B-3

Continued from page 42

His friends had not forgotten him. In Quebec a fund was raised for his defense; Charles Fitzpatrick and F. S. Lemieux were sent out as his counsel. Tried by an English jury in a country still upset by the loss of life and property and by the Indian depredations of the Saskatchewan trouble, the outcome of Riel's trial was almost a foregone conclusion. Unsuccessful efforts were made to have him tried before the Supreme Court and in Lower Canada. A jury of six returned a verdict of guilty with a recommendation of mercy.

Before he was sentenced Riel made an impassioned and moving oration beginning with a prayer for himself, the magistrate, the jury and all others concerned in the trial.

Riel returned to his cell to hope, to write, and to pray. Father A. André, missionary to the northern métis, called on him daily. For one hour each afternoon two constables armed with loaded Winchesters took him out into the courtyard for exercise. Louis could walk by taking up the iron ball fastened by a chain to his ankles.

His prayers were for a reprieve. In the world outside petitions for pardon were presented to the Canadian government from England, France, Ireland, and the United States. Papers in the east changed front from time to time, swayed by the ebb and flow of popular feeling. Riel's execution was demanded not so much for his doings at Batoche but for the death of Thomas Scott for which he had been pardoned and which had taken place fifteen years before. This aspect of the case was publicly defended in parliament by the minister of justice.

His incarceration had begun to tell on him. There was the continual worry about his wife, Marguerite, his daughter and his infant son, whom André Nault had taken to his mother's house in St. Vital after the fall of Batoche. Marguerite was expecting another child. In August he received word that a baby son had been born to her. The child lived only two hours.

From his cell Riel wrote to a friend: "The sadness I feel in having my baby son taken away from me without being able to kiss him and cover him with tenderness, goes to the depth of my soul. At the same time, I thank God for having kept him alive for a few hours long enough to be baptized..."

On Sept. 18 he wrote to his sister, Henriette, telling her he had been reprieved to Oct. 16. It was perhaps his last coherent bit of writing. His old hallucinations were returning.

Prayers in the Night

His cell was unheated and he was permitted to come out and sit next to the potbellied stove in the corridor for warmth. The chill off, he would return to write and pray. His pen scribbled out the incoherent plans of Louis "David" Riel for slicing up the world politically. When he had divided up North America, Europe, South America to suit himself, he turned to the days of the week, working out more details in an earlier plan he had for substituting Christian names for the pagan Norse titles.

Out of the dark corner of his cell one afternoon a man seemed to appear before him. Riel recognized him instantly, for it was only fitting that the man who had plagued him all his life would visit him here. Sir John A. Macdonald had come to see him.

"The door is open to the south," Sir John said to him. "Then he pronounced Riel's name the English way: 'Real'."

Louis corrected him, so Sir John said it again for him properly. "Riel."

Riel," the Prime Minister rolled it around on his tongue. "What a glorious name. It rings like a silver bell."

But Sir John, his bottle of wine in his hand, had dwindled and vanished back into the cell shadows, and Riel had more important work to do. All the planets of the universe, every one, were badly in need of renaming.

A further respite was granted the demented man till Nov. 10 while an appeal was heard before the privy council in England. It was dismissed and the execution set for Nov. 16. The British government was unalterably opposed to the execution being carried out. Queen Victoria had taken a personal interest in the hero of the métis, and she did not find hanging for a political crime pleasing. She caused dispatches to be sent to Governor-General Lord Lansdowne in favor of executive clemency. There was natural hesitance at British interference in an affair which threatened to split the dominion racially and religiously.

The night before Nov. 16 Father André stayed with Riel in his cell, praying most of the night. "Do not fear," Louis said, "I will not shame my friends or rejoice my enemies by dying like a coward. For fifteen years they have pursued me with their hatred and never yet have they made me flinch; today still less when they are leading me to the scaffold; and I am infinitely grateful to them for delivering me from this harsh captivity which is weighing on me... the thought of passing my life in an insane asylum or in a penitentiary, mingling with all the scum of society and obliged to submit to all insults, fills me with horror. I thank God for having spared me this trial and I accept death with joy and gratitude."

A Crucifix and a Candle

Realization that his time had come had shocked Riel back to sanity. During the long hours of the night he wrote a letter to his mother; this had to serve as a letter to his wife as well, since she was illiterate.

"It is now two o'clock in the morning of this day, the last I am to pass upon this earth and Father André has told me to hold myself in readiness for the great event. I have listened to him and intend to do everything according to his desires and recommendations."

"God is holding me in His hand to keep me in peace and quietness, as oil is held in a vial, so none can disturb. I am doing what I can to be ready."

Father André asked Riel not to make a speech from the gallows; it was a difficult promise he asked of the man whose sense of the dramatic had spell-bound thousands in his lifetime. Finally, as the darkness of night was thinning in the small barred window of the cell, Riel agreed not to speak. He would instead bellow like a buffalo bull. Father André talked him out of this supreme gesture of defiance and victory which would have been fitting for the hero and martyr and descendant of the buffalo hunters of the plains.

As the daylight brightened relentlessly in the cell window they celebrated Mass. Another spiritual adviser, Father McWilliams, came in at seven

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o'clock, followed soon by the deputy sheriff, who stood awkwardly in the doorway. He remained there, silent, dreading to make his announcement.

Riel went to him. "Mr. Gibson," he said quietly, "you want me. I am ready."

Pale, the drops of perspiration quite visible on his forehead, dressed in a loose flannel shirt and grey tweed pants, Riel followed the deputy. The ten Mounted Police who had been on guard all night fell in line and the procession grew with the addition of Col. A. G. Irvine, Commissioner of the Mounted Police, Dr. Jukes, the medical officer, and four newspaper correspondents. Silently they marched to a room above the guardroom, where Riel said "*Courage, mon Père*," to Father André.

The hangman waited for them at the gallows where Riel and the two priests knelt. The correspondents and the deputy sheriff took off their hats. Holding a crucifix in one hand and a candle in the other Riel made his responses in a firm clear voice.

"Are you at peace with all men?" said Father André.

"Yes."

"Do you forgive your enemies?"

"Yes."

"*Alors, allez au ciel*."

The hangman had finished tying Riel's hands behind him. They stepped through the window that served as an entrance to the gallows. Riel got to the drop.

While the hangman tied his ankles and slipped the noose around his neck Riel said good-by to Dr. Jukes and thanked him for his kindness. He asked Father André to thank Madame Forget for the crucifix she had lent him.

The hangman slipped the white cap over his head. It muffled Riel's voice as he began the Lord's Prayer in unison with Father André and Father McWilliams.

Our Father Who art in Heaven
Hallowed be Thy Name
Thy Kingdom come
Thy will be done on earth
As it is in Heaven
Give us this day our daily bread
And forgive us our . . .

As he dropped, his knees pulled up convulsively to his body two times, then he hung gently swinging and trembling, facing north where few English were, life ebbing from the fainting pulse for two minutes, while the doctor held a wrist in one hand, consulting his fat gold watch.

Outside the gallows stood most of the jury which had found Riel guilty and recommended mercy. Troopers lounged on the verandah of Col. Irvine's house. Most of the crowd were annoyed that they had not been allowed inside to see the hanging. The *thunk* of the falling trap quenched all conversation. In the complete silence that followed the sound one of the men on the porch turned to another.

"Well, the goddam son-of-a-bitch is gone for good."

"Yeh," agreed the other, "he's gone for good this time."

After his body had been cut down it was placed in a roughly constructed, black-painted casket built of inch tongue and groove boards, lined with unbleached cotton, scalloped and decorated with holes picked out in triangles and crosses.

There was a rumor through Regina that the body had been mutilated. Exhumed, the mutilation proved to consist of the clipping off of a brown lock of hair and the removal of his left moccasin. Father McWilliams was the culprit.

Riel's body was sent to Winnipeg in a freight car, spirited at night under a guard of métis mourners to his mother's house in St. Vital. He was buried out-

side St. Boniface Cathedral, where he had gone to school as a boy.

The Province of Quebec bought a rust-colored stone monument engraved:

Riel, 16 November, 1885.

Some years later after Riel had been hanged Chief Justice Fitzpatrick, who had been one of Riel's lawyers, attended a bar convention in London. He went for an evening's relaxation to see the Barnum and Bailey Circus. The posters had announced that the climax of the greatest show on earth would be a re-enactment of the Northwest Rebellion.

When the clowns and lion tamers, the bareback riders and the high-wire daredevils, had finished, the ring master announced the greatest spectacle ever to be presented to the eyes of man. A log fort stood in the main ring. Into the tent rode a whooping band of Indians brilliant with ochre and carmine paint, feathered with war bonnets, firing blank cartridges.

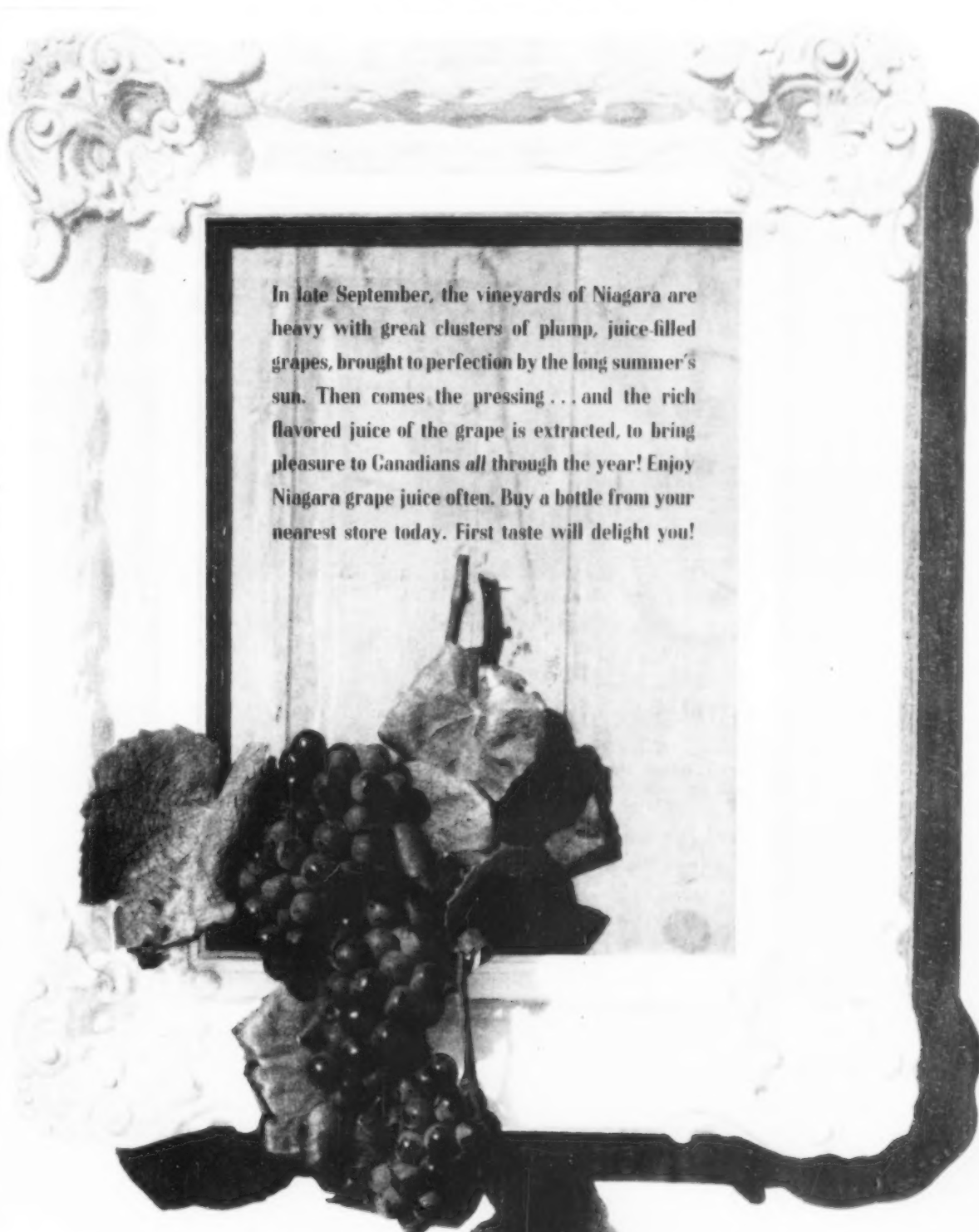
They left the log fort in flames, then galloped after their eagle-feathered leader out of the ring and over the sawdust past the reserved seat section.

The Indian chief pulled his horse up

on its haunches before Chief Justice Fitzpatrick who stared in astonishment.

The Indian chief raised his hand in salute and hoarsely cried "Dumont," before he swept out of the tent.

Fitzpatrick went out to the quarters of the circus entertainers to find that the man leading the Indians in a mock Northwest Rebellion was truly Gabriel Dumont, Riel's military leader, who had fled after the fall of Batoche to Montana and safety—wanted in Canada, dead or alive, for his part in the Great Saskatchewan Insurrection of 1885. ★



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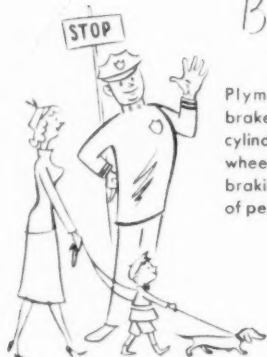
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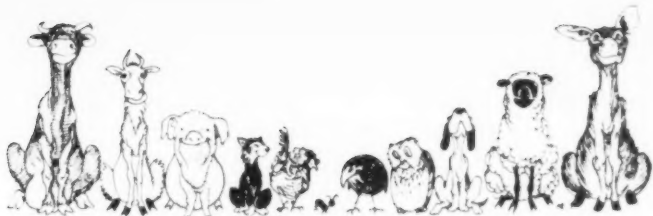
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Wild Animals I Have Known—Slightly

Continued from page 19

okay and had just tripped. I went to the motor-court office, made a diplomatic little speech to the owner and his family, ending with: "... But ... well, the fact is, I found *this* in my cabin," took the newspaper off the wastepaper basket and accidentally let the cockroach go. I thought they would all faint. They looked at me, at one another, at the cockroach, then all burst out laughing, until finally a woman said through tears, "Man if you goin' to catch all those things in the south, yo' sho' 'nuff goin' to run out of trash baskets." I found they solved the problem of cockroaches by calling them water bugs.

Spiders were another thing I had to cope with. The technical name evidently is Big Ol' Brown Spaduh and the first one I saw I thought it was bought in a novelty shop made of felt and put there to startle me. I changed my mind when he started flexing muscles and doing push-ups. When I told the landlady about it she said, "That must be the one in the tool chest. There should be two." She turned to her husband and said reprovingly, "Harry, you didn't kill one of them did you?" It turned out they keep these things practically as pets to keep the cockroaches down.

The Rat Had it Coming

Another time I rented a southern Ontario farm. The idea had appealed to me of getting back to the good old days of good old wood stoves, good old summer kitchens, good old well water and the good old pioneer life in general. I discovered however that all those quaint little elm-arched streets you drive through on a holiday week end are where all the good old rats live before they get muscled out by the healthiest ones and try to make a go of it in the city. They come into farmhouses, village shops, barns and under verandas in the fall and if they like it they invite their relatives.

Now a real farmer, I suppose, just nails these things with a pitchfork and goes on forking hay. He also has two or three good cats and a dog or two. We didn't have either a cat or a dog because we traveled so much (see what I mean?) and I'd never used a pitchfork in my life, having spent most of my life in the advertising business where we used pencils. The first one I saw was in our cistern cellar, which looked like a cross between an early Lon Chaney movie set and a scene on a poster on how to prevent malaria. When I had to go into the place I'd kick the door open and stand back like a private detective breaking in on a mob. And when I was in the tub having a bath, lying back in steaming yellow rainwater amid little twigs and old leaves, I couldn't enjoy it for thinking where the water came from. This time when I saw a rat I staggered upstairs, pale and popeyed, told my wife to stand guard over the children and staggered over to a neighboring farmer's for advice. "I have a rat down my cellar," I gasped.

"Yep," he said, "you'll get them in the cellar this time of year. Too much food outside for them to come up into your bedroom yet in the daytime."

"Remember one time," he went on, "one leapt from the top of the chandelier down my back." He spat out the door. "Thought I was going to lose him for a minute. Had to get my wife to hit me over the back with a broom." He chuckled softly.

A few days later we had a man doing odd jobs around the house. I told him about my rats. I told everybody about my rats. I couldn't stop talking about them. There wasn't a conversation I couldn't bring around to rats. I told editors about them, and waitresses, and bank managers during that silence after I'd asked for a loan. Anyway, this man went down to the cistern cellar, crawled into a dark hole humming Annie Laurie, put his arm up a drain, chuckled and said, "That's the place where they're coming from all right. Still warm in there. All you have to do is nail a grid over it." I supported myself against the wall. I've never seen him again. I'm just glad I'd have to tell him I wouldn't have gone near that hole without a squad car.

What I did do was study their tracks. Somehow I felt that as long as I knew where they were and where they were going, I was holding my own. I found I had other tracks: tracks of moles, deer mice, field mice and house mice. They must have held election parades under my kitchen every night. I got so interested in studying their ways that I temporarily forgot we were trying to get one another out of the house. I'd come down in the morning, go out into the woodshed, yawn, come back and say to my wife, "Moles are coming back," yawn again, go down cellar and start the pump, look at a bit of sand by the tank and say, "Deer mice here last night," come upstairs, have some coffee, go down to the cistern cellar, call up to my wife from far beneath her feet, "Heh, heh, here's a funny one. Rats missed an apple I threw here yesterday, field mice came in after it and got chased off by the wood mice." My wife started to call me Oogoorook.

It's All Bull to Bob

Another thing: I've never quite been able to get used to bulls—and by that I mean steers, heifers, bullocks and yearlings; they're all bulls to me unless they have sway-backs and obviously give lots of milk. The things used to draw me in fascinated horror. A farmer rented part of my farm for grazing and the barnyard was just a short piece from the house. I'd go out in the moonlight and the herd and I would stand looking at one another, the steam coming up from the cows as the moon cast its magic over us. There was a brown one with a head like a teapot who was always staring at me over the backs of the others, like some guy in a crowd who thought I was someone who'd given him a bum cheque years ago.

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between us that I turned into a pulp. There was one who got into our yard regularly and I would go out to chase him back, figuring I had to get used to this sort of thing sooner or later. My technique was to get closer and closer, throwing little chips, twigs, stones and branches at him, waiting for one of us to show a yellow streak. The first one to run, the other chased him. We'd stare at one another for hours, neither of us moving. I'd say things like, "Shoo! Get going," and "Keep moving, please," like a streetcar conductor. He would look at me with an expression of outraged astonishment. Every time he'd move his cud over to the other side I'd jump a foot, and if he'd put his head down to nibble at the grass I'd be halfway to the house before I pulled myself together.

Now and then the farmer would come over to herd him back. He'd say, "You just stand there so he can't get past you." I used to wonder if the cow really thought it couldn't get past me, or whether animals were really that dumb.

"Never let them know you're afraid of them," he'd say, walking up and giving him a cut over the sirloin with a rope and saying "GIT out of there." He'd turn to me. "Remember, he's more afraid of you than you are of him," not knowing that nothing could be that afraid and keep eating.

All in all the only form of wild life I've ever gotten along with, with any degree of understanding, were birds, and even they, a couple of times, became a problem. In Florida I used to feed the gulls. It was fun at first when there were just thirty or forty or so, but soon they got to recognize me and I couldn't go for a walk without the whole Atlantic air arm following me as if I were an old shrimper. It got so that I'd sneak out of the cottage and run along behind the sand dunes. I'd change my coat. I even considered growing a mustache. Once I got talking to a blonde in a French bathing suit that I'd often wanted to get talking to and was getting along fine when out of the corner of my eye I saw one gull coming over the horizon. I started to edge away, knowing what was coming. I began making asinine remarks, like, "Well, got to go for supper," although it was only two-thirty in the afternoon. The girl looked at me queerly. But not nearly so queerly as she did a few

minutes later when I was shielding myself with my arm, peering at her through a flock of about two hundred screaming, wheeling, clamoring ring-bills, herring gulls and terns, and shouting over the bedlam, "Reading a good book right now - can't just remember the title, or the author." After all, it's generally felt there's something queer about a guy that follows birds; but there's something even queerer when the birds start following him.

Another couple of birds that crossed me up were a pair of phoebes that built a nest in my garage on Georgian Bay (I was in such a nice woodsy spot). My wife and I began to watch them make their little home. But male birds, I found, never work. At least I'm pretty sure the one I picked out as the male never worked. The female would be lugging twigs, mud, working herself into a nervous breakdown while the male teetered on a clothesline, practically blowing on his fingernails. My wife would stare at him and say, "I suppose he'll take all the credit for laying the eggs, too," and ask me when I was going to start disciplining the children. When he did sit on the nest, my wife would say, "Now isn't that just too bad that he has to stop ogling other little phoebes long enough to warm a couple of eggs," and start thinking of all the times I'd been late getting back from the city. If it had kept up much longer I would have been writing to a marriage clinic telling them I was having trouble with a phoebe. As it was, the end came soon after the eggs hatched and the five young ones developed flight feathers. I'd gotten into the habit of reaching up and tickling their little heads with my finger to see them open their mouths. One morning I did this when, without my knowing it, they were just ready to fly, and they all took off in different directions and six cats appeared, and a couple of dogs, who began to chase the cats. And one of the owners of the cats came over and threatened to report me to the humane society. By that time I was about ready to report the birds and all my other little friends, with and without feathers, to the humane society.

And sometimes, even now, when I'm being attacked by moles, mice, owls, skunks and Holsteins, I still think maybe I will. ★



"... But, after all, Herbert. This is the third time I've been a good sport about it."

The Atom Bomb That Saves Lives

Continued from page 9

through which rays pass to reach the cancer is also in considerable need of repair. In fact, healthy tissue has only one small advantage under radiation: its cells are mature, and thus slightly less vulnerable than cancer's growing, younger cells.

The situation is graphically explained in a discussion between a medical student and his professor. Grasping the theory of radiation, the student said brightly: "Oh, it's like finding a man in the coils of a boa constrictor. You take careful aim, hoping to hit the snake and not the man."

"No," answered the professor drily, "you hope to put more bullets into the snake than into the man."

The odds against the cancer are increased by the revolving couch. Physician and physicist carefully correlate the depth of the cancer with the path of the rays streaming from the cobalt inside its lead sheath. That is why the bomb's outlet tube is aimed at the circumference of the circle rather than the centre. As the human target revolves, the path of the rays forms a cone, with the cancer at its apex. Thus all the radiation reaches the cancer, but intervening areas of skin, flesh and other healthy tissue take turns in bearing the brunt.

What the layman will want to know about the cobalt bomb is, of course, "Does it cure cancer?" There are two answers to that question: One is "yes." The other is, "nobody will know for five years." Moreover these answers come, not from opposing schools of thought, but from the same authorities. The apparent contradiction is explained in this way:

The yes answer can be given because radiation therapy is, with surgery, the only method so far discovered to treat cancer successfully. Anyone who survives cancer owes his life to radiation, to surgery, or to a combination of both. And cobalt radiation, still so new that it has yet no roll call of cures to its credit, nevertheless has several points of superiority over other forms of radiation, points so obvious they have already been acknowledged by cancer specialists, the most cautious branch of the most cautious profession.

The wait-and-see answer is part of this caution. It is based on an arbitrary standard set by the medical profession for judging the results of treatment in all cancer cases. No doctor will use the word cure until a patient has lived five years from completion of treatment without symptoms recurring.

The advantages of cobalt are described by Dr. Sandy Watson, director of cancer services for Saskatchewan, one of the two medical men in the world who know most about the cobalt bomb in action. (The other is Dr. Ivan Smith, head of the Ontario Cancer Research Foundation's clinic at Victoria Hospital, London, Ont.)

"First," says Dr. Watson, "cobalt gives a greatly increased depth dose—a very much greater percentage of the radiation delivered to the patient reaches any given depth in the body. With conventional rays, tissues such as bone and cartilage absorb far more of the radiation than surrounding muscle and other tissue, and hence there is some danger of damage to bone and cartilage. The physical properties of cobalt rays are such that an almost equal amount is absorbed by all types of tissues, with less likelihood of damage. For the same reason, much less skin change is produced by cobalt."

"Again because of cobalt's physical properties, the tendency to develop radiation sickness during treatment should be less. Also the cobalt apparatus is compact, simple to operate, its output is constant, it is cheaper to install and there is not the same tendency to breakdown as compared with other high-energy devices."

An important physical property of cobalt is that while it produces far more of the cure-and-damage gamma rays than radium, it also produces only one third as much beta radiation, which damages but does not cure. And

cobalt beta rays are so "soft" they are absorbed by the air before they reach the patient's skin. Radium's radioactivity varies through a fairly wide range, but cobalt's is absolutely steady, thus facilitating calculation of dosage and duration for individual patients.

Cobalt's vast output of radiation makes it possible to aim the beam from as far away as a yard or more, thus pin-pointing the target.

But perhaps the most significant advantages of radioactive cobalt from the viewpoint of doctors, hospitals and

patients the world over, are availability and price. How widespread its use may become in the immediate future may be judged by the fact that one uranium pile has been able, in one year, to produce radioactive cobalt equivalent in power to all the medical radium isolated since the Curies made their revolutionary discovery half a century ago. And cobalt worth one cent does the work of radium worth sixty-four dollars.

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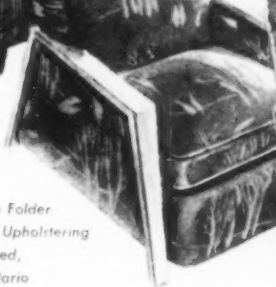
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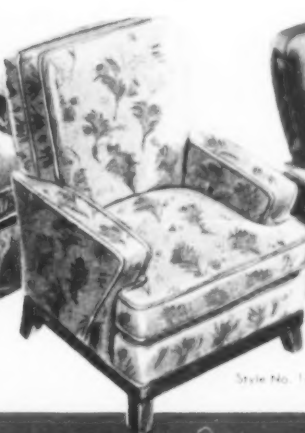
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one of the founders of the National Cancer Institute of Canada, was then director of cancer services for Saskatchewan. Dr. Blair was in the midst of developing the province's cancer program into what was to become, before his death, an international model. Dr. Blair decided on a step then almost unheard-of in Canadian medicine: appointment of a radiation physicist to work directly in the medical field.

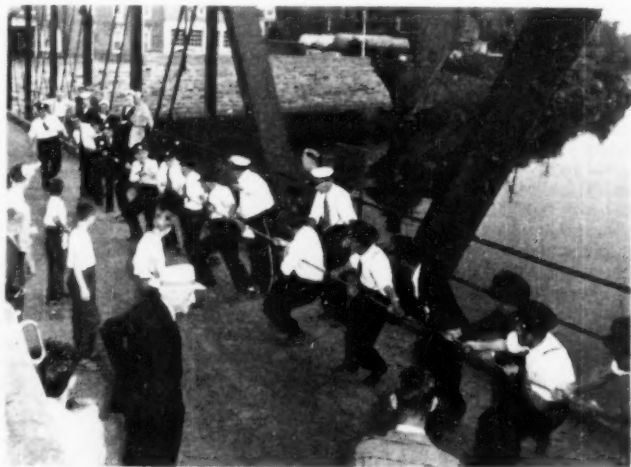
For the dual role of physicist to the Saskatchewan Cancer Commission and associate professor of physics at the University of Saskatchewan, Dr. Blair

selected Harold Johns, then thirty-one, a graduate of McMaster and the University of Toronto.

On the basis of experiments with liquid helium Dr. Johns had won a two-year scholarship for advanced study in England. But the coming of World War II kept him in Canada on a very special assignment: examination by X-ray of vital metal parts of aircraft used in the Empire Air Training Plan.

To indoctrinate his new physicist in the pioneer business of combining physics and medicine, Dr. Blair secured

CANADIAN ECDOTE



Border tug-o-war (in which Canada, right, forced a draw) exemplifies the co-operation on the Maine line where a fire belongs to everybody.

The Comrades on the St. Croix

ST. STEPHEN, in New Brunswick, and Calais, in Maine, claim to be the world's best examples of international friendship.

The towns, on opposite banks of the St. Croix River, are linked by a bridge. When there is a fire on either side of the border the fire departments of both communities respond to the alarm. Calais (pronounced "Callus") gets its water from St. Stephen, the supply being piped across the bridge. It also gets its electricity from St. Stephen, and most Calais babies are born on Canadian soil in the St. Stephen hospital. St. Stephen golfers play on the course in Calais. Calais joins St. Stephen in celebrating Dominion Day, and St. Stephen joins Calais in celebrating Independence Day.

Their neighborly relations go back to a Highland soldier, Duncan McColl, who was with the British forces in the American Revolution. During a hot encounter near Castine, Maine, McColl was trapped out in the open. Enemy bullets tore off his cap, tattered his clothing, but he stayed on his feet. Finally a Yankee officer was so impressed that he ordered his troops to stop shooting at McColl because "God must have work for that man to do."

The words were prophetic. After the war McColl attended theologi-

cal college, then became minister of St. Stephen's first church. His flock was drawn not only from St. Stephen but also from Calais.

When the War of 1812 broke out McColl summoned residents of the two towns to a mass meeting and persuaded them to vote unanimously to take no part in the fighting.

In spite of this the British government provided St. Stephen with guns and gunpowder for its defense. When peace returned the British came around to collect the weapons and powder—and found the powder all gone.

"You must have had it hot and heavy here," an army inspector said to the mayor of St. Stephen. "No," said the mayor, "we didn't."

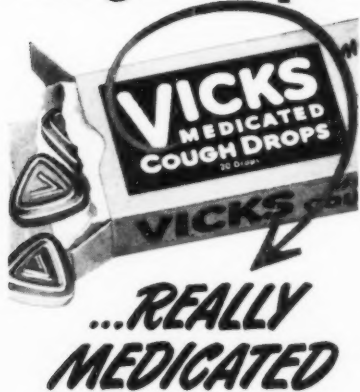
"Then where's the powder?" "Well, I can't tell you that," said the mayor. "It's sort of a secret. But you'll get it back soon."

The army inspector was insistent. He demanded that he be told, immediately, what had happened to the powder. He blustered and threatened.

"All right," said the mayor, soothingly. "The folks over in Calais didn't have any gunpowder to make noises on the Fourth of July—so we loaned them ours. But don't worry, they'll pay it back."—Ian Selanders.

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for Dr. Johns a traveling fellowship from the Canadian Cancer Society. Dr. Johns set out on a round of visits to centres where radioactive equipment was being experimented with. At the University of Chicago he saw and studied the betatron, a twenty-two-million-volt monster which was then the most powerful man-made producer of X-rays. The tour ended in Toronto with a lecture by Dr. W. V. Mayneord, one of Britain's top radiation physicists and head of the physics division of the Royal Cancer Hospital, London, then on loan to Canada for some very hush-hush testing projects at the new Chalk River pile.

In his lecture to young Dr. Johns, Dr. Mayneord remarked that radio-activated cobalt showed qualities which made it worth investigating as a cheap, potent substitute for radium in cancer treatment.

"When I got back to Saskatoon," Dr. Johns recalled recently, "Dr. Blair asked me what I had seen or learned of that I would like to get for Saskatchewan. I asked for a betatron and a cobalt unit."

This was approximately like asking for the moon and the sun. But to Dr. Blair nothing was impossible if it concerned cancer work in his beloved province. Without batting an eye he set in motion the machinery which was to give Saskatchewan incomparably more curative radiation per head of population than any other area on earth. The betatron was installed a month before Dr. Blair's death in Nov. 1948.

The cobalt bomb involved considerably more red tape. It was to become a posthumous monument to Dr. Blair's foresight and his tireless efforts to expand cancer research and treatment in Canada.

"We asked for it," says Dr. Johns now, "and we got it."

Actually the process was not nearly as simple as that. First, the Atomic Energy Control Board and the National Research Council, which took over at Chalk River in 1947, had to be convinced that Saskatoon, eighteenth city in size in Canada, deserved the prize of the world's first cobalt bomb. Dr. Johns the physicist and Dr. Watson the medical man presented some cold hard facts:

The clinics of the Saskatchewan Cancer Commission in association with the University of Saskatchewan were training more radiation physicists and radiotherapists than many a larger institution. (In fact, today more than half the radiophysicists in research and clinical posts throughout Canada are "Dr. Johns' boys.") The clinics were among the few places in Canada where physicists and clinicians were working in close collaboration on the treatment of cancer by radiotherapy. The Saskatchewan Cancer Commission's comprehensive program of detection and treatment would provide patients most likely to benefit from a powerful new therapy unit.

The federal government's scientists were convinced. Saskatoon could have its radioactive cobalt—provided...

Provided Dr. Johns would work out the "presentation" of the cobalt discs in the pile. That is, the actual pattern of the discs within their containers. This was of crucial importance if the discs were to take up a full charge of neutrons. A miscalculation could mean "cold" cobalt where the neutrons failed to penetrate.

Provided Dr. Johns would design and construct a suitable head to house the lethal cobalt, equipped with delicate remote-control mechanism to raise and lower it, to position it on ceiling tracks, to aim the outlet, to turn the live cobalt within the foot-thick walls of



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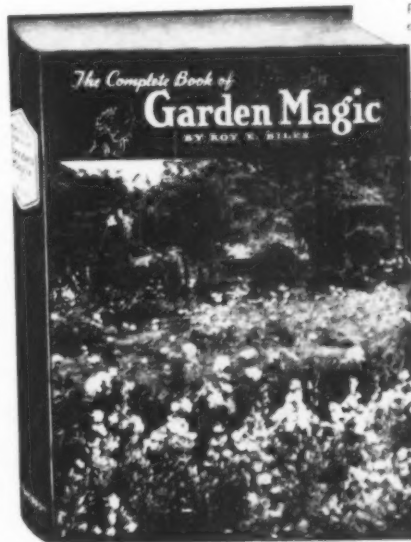
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lead so that its tremendous energy would be loosed only when the patient was alone with the bomb.

The physics professor and an enthusiastic group of graduate assistants and student volunteers cheerfully accepted the challenge. For the delicate work of machining dozens of intricate parts and mechanisms Dr. Johns turned to John MacKay, clarinetist with the Saskatoon Symphony Orchestra. MacKay is also owner, and one sixth of the staff, of the Acme Machine and Electric Co. of Saskatoon.

Dr. Johns knew MacKay to be a

man of resource. He had come West from Trenton, N.S., in the depth of the depression, opened a one-man machine shop, and prospered. It was later that MacKay confessed he had taken this step because he "didn't know any better." He also admitted, when questioned about a grasp of higher engineering far above the requirements of a master machinist, that his hobby apart from clarinet-toting at the symphonic level—was digesting calculus textbooks, taking courses in engineering by mail, and practically nonstop attendance at

various Saskatoon night-school classes.

Dr. Johns' chief assistant was, and still is, personable twenty-four-year-old Sylvia Fedoruk. Miss Fedoruk is undoubtedly the only Canadian girl ever faced with the alternatives of becoming an atomic physicist or becoming the country's top feminine athlete.

Her ability to do either was never in doubt. Scholastically she has long since lost count of scholarships won, but "they averaged roughly two a year" for the past ten years. They were topped off by the Governor-

General's Gold Medal for the outstanding graduate of the University of Saskatchewan in 1949, and a twelve-hundred-dollar physics fellowship from the Saskatchewan division of the Canadian Cancer Society in 1950. In the same year she was appointed assistant physicist to the Saskatchewan Cancer Commission.

In athletics Sylvia became individual high-point champion of the 1947 Dominion Track and Field Championships, held at Edmonton. She is acknowledged to be western Canada's outstanding girl athlete in every sport "except swimming," she insists.

But actually her decision was made in high school, when the Fedoruks made a wartime move to Windsor, Ont., and Sylvia entered Walkerville Collegiate. There her science teacher, Howard R. Hugill, "made the subject so interesting that I decided to make science my career."

Other members of the cobalt team were Doug Cormack, son of the Alberta writer Barbara Villy Cormack; Lloyd Bates, an ex-RCAF Flying Officer who graduated so brilliantly from the University of New Brunswick that the province offered to stake him to advanced physics training at any university he chose—and he chose U of S; Ed Epp, twenty-two, whose father emigrated from Russia's Dnieper Basin six years before Ed was born; Stan Denesuk and Gordon Whitmore, physics students.

The two senior men of the team have in common of all things—a Chinese background. Dr. Johns was born and spent his boyhood in Chengtu, capital of the province of Szechwan in western China. Dr. Watson was born in New Zealand, took his first medical degree there and served in China as a doctor before World War II. Later he went to England to specialize in radiotherapy.

The team had longer than was expected to prepare for the coming of the bomb. But the cause of the delay was good rather than bad news: cobalt proved to have an extremely voracious appetite for atomic neutrons. (Remember, cobalt was later to be found "useful" for Hell bombs because it converts atomic neutrons into sixty times their own weight in radioactive cobalt.) So when the cobalt discs first were placed in the pile they devoured so much of the uranium's output of atomic power "like the greedy pig in a litter," commented one physicist—that other elements being activated in the pile for medical and industrial research were being literally "starved." It was good news to the Saskatoon team, too, because it proved that the pioneer design for placement of the discs, worked out theoretically in the university's physics department, was highly efficient.

As a result of cobalt's enormous appetite for atomic energy the discs had to wait until the Chalk River pile's neutron production had been stepped up to full capacity. When they finally were inserted, another batch destined for the London, Ont., hospital went in at the same time.

Last summer, with the cobalt hot off the griddle at Chalk River and neatly packaged for shipment in the dead centre of a two-thousand-pound chunk of lead, another serious hitch developed. The fine print on railway bills of lading, it seems, says nothing about the conditions under which atom bombs are to be accepted as freight. The railways, who didn't know what it was, were reluctant to accept the package.

"We can't carry that stuff," said one railwayman in the understatement of the year, "it's dynamite!"

Dr. Johns hitched up his family

good
judgment



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trailer and was about to take off for Chalk River, one thousand miles away, to bring the bomb home. But finally the Chalk River scientists persuaded the railwaymen that the bomb was not of a kind likely to explode, and the "package" was accepted with two conditions: It must go express, so it would be off the railway's hands as soon as possible; and the university people in Saskatoon must unload it themselves.

The homecoming of the bomb caused more excitement on the Saskatchewan campus than a football victory. "I was scared," admits Dr. Johns, "and so were a lot of other people. We worried about dust contamination from the cobalt and a lot of other unknown factors like what would or might happen during the delicate task of transferring the cobalt from the traveling case to the permanent head."

The heavy lump of lead, with its lethal core, was lugged in through the scaffolding of the half-finished hospital and into the bomb room. Team members donned gowns and surgical masks largely a psychological protection. Then, with Geiger counters serving as contamination detectors, like canaries in a coal mine the two lead containers were brought together. While the assistants waited tensely, a threaded rod was thrust through the permanent head, into the traveling case, screwed into a metal cylinder containing the cobalt, and yanked up into the head with scarcely time for a gamma to escape.

Now the bomb was ready for all manner of research into the behavior of captive atomic power. But before it could be put to work on its most important job—the treatment of cancer—one test remained: determination of atomic power's penetrative power in human flesh. Experiments could not be conducted into this unknown force using human subjects. And laboratory animals just haven't got the cubic capacity to serve as stand-ins for men.

The substitute decided upon is scarcely complimentary to the magnificent human body, since tests showed that its closest approximation is a tub of water. Aimed into water containers representing the human body, and measured by instruments devised by Dr. Johns and his team, the cobalt rays were accurately plotted on charts. When a patient is to be treated the depth of his cancer is determined and the exact dose and duration of treatment can be read off the chart in an instant. Under the Saskatchewan Government's health plan, treatment is free to all who need it. Each dose takes a maximum of seven and a half minutes. Patients usually take ten of these treatments over a two-week period or longer.

To describe in detail all the tests and findings of Saskatoon's cobalt team would require a book—a book which, incidentally, Dr. Johns is writing as a major Canadian contribution to the newest branch of physical science. Most of the testing equipment had to be invented on the spot, and built from scratch or improvised from aircraft instruments or electronic surplus. As a result a small group of young physicists in Saskatoon are regarded in highest scientific circles as the top

authorities on the behavior and characteristics of radioactive cobalt. At present a senior physicist from the great U. S. atomic plant at Oak Ridge, Tenn., is at Saskatoon as a student of cobalt radiation. He will take charge of the world's third cobalt bomb, now being prepared at Chalk River for a Texas medical centre.

Cobalt's only point of inferiority to radium is that its half life is considerably shorter. In a little more than five years cobalt's output of radiation will be down to half its rate when new. And up in the uranium class of long-

evity half lives reach as near to eternity as the human mind can grasp—thousands of billions of years.

If some even one of the more common elements like oxygen, hydrogen or calcium were of a nature that retained radioactivity as long as uranium or rhenium (the latter stays "hot" for billions of billions of years), no life would, of course, yet be possible on earth.

Even if some fairly common elements like iron had long half lives, human life might be confined to a few remote corners of the earth, hiding away from

the large areas where lethal radioactive iron was plentiful. But fortunately oxygen shakes off radioactivity in a few minutes; nitrogen in a matter of seconds; iron of various types in from nine minutes to four years. Aluminum gets back to normal in less than two seconds, copper in a couple of days.

It's these few eternally unstable elements that possibly hold the key to the fate of the world. They were first developed and employed for mass destruction. Now Canada has taken the lead in showing how they can be used for the mass benefit of mankind. ★

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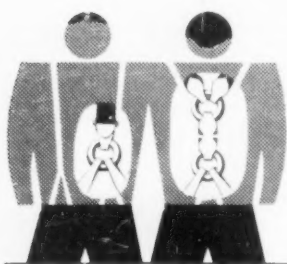
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Philippa Takes the Count

Continued from page 15

longue was far from comfortable.

"Philippa," I said. "As you know, I'm devoted to you. My life's blood is yours for the asking. But I emphatically decline to embroil myself in any literary wrangle than which there is nothing more sordid in this ignoble world." And I stood up.

Philippa turned and smiled sadly at me. Her frail hand caught my sleeve and insinuated me back on to the chaise longue. "Of course, Robert. I understand perfectly."

IN LONDON, under the afternoon sun, it was like the engine room of a vast tramp steamer. The same oily stench, the same heat, the same noise. And the same feeling that everybody knew precisely what they were supposed to do except me.

I was looking for O'Connell, a lone wolf who jealously guarded his loneliness. He was a member of Philby's, a tightly exclusive West End club that had been known to blackball ministers of state. Equally he was *persona grata* with a shady little community of folk in Camden Town who called themselves Existentialists. At irregular intervals he would bring out a volume of literary criticism that made his colleagues damn with faint praise in public and in private gibber with envy.

Not unnaturally the possession of such an extravagantly acute instrument as O'Connell's brain became burdensome to him at times and he had to take a few drinks to blunt its edge and interpose a blanketing mist. On the other hand at eighteen-month intervals he would disappear and be gone for ten or twelve weeks. When he returned his eye was bright, his skin sun-and wind-burned, the palms of his hands hard and smooth as hickory. And all he would say was: "I've been to visit my father in Alberta." And he would laugh: "Look at me. Strong as a bul and gentle as an old spaniel." And he would have to go on the soak for at least three weeks to regain the old venom and stony-heartedness necessary to follow his appointed destiny of pricking inflated renown and chopping down top-heavy reputations.

I took a taxi at King's Cross station and made a start in the pubs of Camden Town. Along the north side of Regent's Park to St. John's Wood. A little place near Lord's cricket ground. To Baker Street, Park Lane, Mayfair. The Strand, to a couple of spots in Fleet Street. North to Bloomsbury, back to a place off the Euston Road not three hundred yards from King's Cross. And there was O'Connell, sitting alone at a little iron table drinking French white wine out of a tumbler, sweating, his eyes half closed, looking out on to some tragic vista that only his eyes could see.

I sat down opposite him and ordered another bottle of the white wine. It smelled sharp and sour when it was uncorked.

"Scott," he said, nodding, and retired at once into his melancholy private universe.

"O'Connell," I filled my glass and pushed the bottle into the centre of the table. "I want to ask you a question, O'Connell."

He rapped on the table. "Bring me some cigarettes, Hippolyte."

The waiter said, "Certainly, Arthur, certainly," and returned with a beige, brown and gold carton. "Your favorites, Arthur," he said smiling.

O'Connell pushed the tray out of the curtain and put it on the table. We



Male and Female Created He Them

Fire engines shrieking by
Summon little boys from play.
No one asks the reason why
Boys are simply made that way.
When such incidents arise
Boys abandon hats and balls.
Little girls, made otherwise,
Go on playing with their dolls.

—P. J. Blackwell

each took a cigarette, including the waiter.

"Why slaughter Philippa Clarges?" I said. "Why use all that high-class shot and shell on such a frail unimportant craft?"

He hooked the cigarette out of his mouth with his forefinger. "When she wrote for entertainment, concocted literary tipsy cakes, none of my business. But in *Trumpet* the woman presumes to instruct, influence and edify. Dangerous." He made a cutting gesture with the edge of his hand. "Can't permit it."

I took a drink of the white wine; the smell was misleading; it was quite pleasant. "She wants to see you. She wants you to go and stay for a few days."

"Bah," he said. He smiled bitterly at the waiter and said: "Bah, eh, Hippolyte?"

The waiter pursed his lips and creaked his head. "I don't know. She might be beautiful. You can be beautiful and write like an educated horse. I have known it, Arthur."

"She is beautiful," I said. "Feminine beauty is simply the cheese in the biological trap; Old Mother Nature looking after the family interests. As far as I am concerned it's irrelevant."

"You'd like it. Charming little house in an agreeable little village. Three pubs. A decent cook. And apart from a predilection for reclining a trifle regally on gold and white chaise longues she's a delightful woman quite honestly."

O'Connell shut his eyes and instead of looking hard and dangerous his face appeared tired and worn. "No," he said.

Hippolyte filled O'Connell's glass and then mine. "A little artifice in a woman, myself, I like it. Besides you might teach her to write a little better, Arthur."

O'Connell groaned. "Maybe she has honey from her own bees. And you know you like that, Arthur."

"Quite right. She has." It wasn't quite right. But she did get honey in the comb from the village policeman who had six hives. "And there's my

cottage. And the old smitly in the yard full of fascinating bits of old iron. Plenty of places to hide if the chaise longue intrudes itself too much."

He opened his eyes and stroked his jaws raspingly. He looked at the waiter. Hippolyte nodded wisely like an old lawyer.

O'Connell took a long draw at his cigarette. "Seems I'm just as capable now of performing a gratuitously stupid action as I was at eighteen. Refreshing or depressing, which?" He stood up.

"Refreshing, Arthur. Stupid people are always monotonously sensible." Hippolyte brushed the cigarette ash from the front of O'Connell's grey flannel suit which was both expensive and elegant.

Tall, powerfully built, with his thick brown hair, slightly greying at the temples, his eyes weary and an ineffable weight of sadness about his mouth O'Connell looked like some fighting priest, some evangelizing minister, battered by the forces of evil, despairing of victory but battling on.

As the train steamed northward O'Connell looked morosely at his grip on the luggage rack opposite with the air of a man who realizes that he is gratuitously committing himself to a very stupid action indeed. Suddenly he said: "I may not shave all the time I'm at this woman's."

A BARELY perceptible fragrance entered the room with Philippa. She was smiling, a sweet smile shadowed with anguish at the corners. She had been maligned, traduced, held up to public contempt; but look! she was neither bitter nor vengeful—it was all in the smile. "I'm so glad you were able to come," she said.

Even before she entered O'Connell had transmuted his face into wood. It remained wooden. But I saw his shoulders stiffen slightly. I can guess what he had pictured; it's so much easier for best-selling woman writers to earn a reputation for beauty than it is for most other women. Obviously he had not been prepared for this fastidious dragonfly excellence.

He bowed slightly. "It was kind of you to invite me."

It was a highly civilized performance all round. They had both had shocks; for this inscrutable, rather alarming-looking man was far from the querulous neurotic fellow she had imagined. The décor couldn't have been more artistically contrived for the sun was setting in a tempestuous blaze of glory and dramatically projected an enormous oblique effigy of the French windows in ruddy gold across the Aubusson carpet.

"You would like me to show you your room, Mr. O'Connell?"

I followed them upstairs, carrying O'Connell's grip.

"This used to be my husband's room. He was a soldier. I hope you will be comfortable." It was angular and austere.

"Well?" I said when Philippa had left us.

"She's a handsome woman." He took off his coat and added, "And the Sheraton fire screen is a handsome fire screen."

There were just the three of us for dinner. The atmosphere was electric, full of silences that were gibes, courtesies that were exquisitely uncivil. We had almost finished our *soufflé glacé* when Philippa brought the conversation to its true head. "Perhaps after dinner you will explain to me why you so much dislike my poor little book, Mr. O'Connell?"

"I have nothing to add to what I said in my review, Mrs. Clarges." He raised his eyes slowly. "Nor, I regret, anything to retract, though as your guest—"

"As my guest, Mr. O'Connell," Philippa interrupted, sharply for her, "as my guest you are naturally at liberty to think, say or do whatever you choose."

O'Connell became elaborately sardonic: "I expressed myself badly if I seemed to impugn your hospitality, Mrs. Clarges. Actually I meant to say that as your guest I felt it incumbent on me to speak with complete frankness."

Philippa gave her plate a brusque little push. "It's gratifying, if a little astonishing, to know that we have at least some common ground." She turned to me and said sweetly: "You're very silent tonight."

"It's the only form of protective coloring available to me at the moment," O'Connell grinned at me.

Philippa said, also smiling: "Shall we go into the drawing room?"

A little log fire crackled brightly in the drawing room. The lighting was discreet and the easy chairs were easy and not Sheraton. The coffee was richly aromatic.

Philippa sipped and said, "Robert tells me how filial you are, how you regularly visit your father in Alberta, Mr. O'Connell."

He looked at me as though I had betrayed him. He drained his cup—and the coffee was scalding hot—and set it down. "My father is an old man, an old-fashioned man, a patriarchal man. A simple and violent man. He has a scale of values that is perhaps primitive, certainly intolerant. But he adheres to it and I find that refreshing, stimulating. I go to sweat the sophistry out of my spirit and the padding of fat off my mind and body, to get my hands dirty and my reasoning sterilized, plus always, I must insist," he smiled without irony, "because I feel a certain affection for the old man." He got enormously to his feet. "I hope you won't think me discourteous if I go to my room now. I have a little work to do before I sleep and I am rather tired." He said good night and let himself out of the room.

"He's a strange man. Spiky as a hedgehog." Philippa spoke thoughtfully, looking through me rather than at me.

"I thought you wouldn't altogether dislike him."

Her eyes focused at once. "I don't like him at all. In spite of his politeness he is fundamentally unchivalrous and crude. I do not like to be told that because I live a civilized life I inhabit an ivory tower with my head in the clouds. It isn't true."

"He never said that, Philippa."

"By implication, Robert. Don't pretend to be stupid. You are not."

There was a set about her mouth that made me pretend to be tired and I, too, said good night.

"What this house needs," O'Connell said, "is for a good icy wind to blow through it. To tear away the

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dainty little perfumed cobwebs. It's a house of women; it's unhealthy; it gets its soft downy little tendrils about you and chokes you."

We were walking in the belt of elms on the east side of Philippa's garden. I had not seen him the previous day; he was restless.

"There's always the Black Dog. That's masculine enough."

"Let's get our hats," he said.

In the hall we encountered Philippa. I explained.

"Do you know," she said, "I have lived here for ten years and no one has yet offered to take me to the Black Dog."

I did not look at O'Connell as he issued the invitation.

Philippa put on a sort of flimsy floating duster coat. The hedgerows were untidy with the wisps of hay caught up from the wains as they passed. Philippa walked between us holding our arms. I pretended an untied shoelace for the pleasure of seeing her and O'Connell walking arm in arm down a country lane. He stepped out with a constrained military precision; Philippa's long elegant legs moved as though she were walking with complete assurance along a tightrope. They were silent.

There were half a dozen men in the bar. The atmosphere was wholesomely masculine: beer, sweat, corduroy, horses and hay. There was some consternation when we entered. Philippa lessened it with a quite remarkably pally sort of smile. But we were not a scintillating party as we sat on a bench below the window. We talked, but our words fell flatly without echo.

Then Vetkin came in. He was already a little drunk. A big narrow-headed man, wide across the jaws and with a skin that would not tan. He was a sort of absentee farmer of a couple of years' standing. He had made too much money during the war and had brought some of it out into the country in the hope of sweetening it.

"Double Scotch, Ben."

"We're right out of Scotch, Mr. Vetkin." The landlord spoke quietly.

"We've some nice Irish." He put a bottle on the bar.

"Double Scotch, Ben."

"Honestly, Mr. Vetkin, there's not a drop of Scotch in the house. But this is nice Irish. A nice mature drink."

"Double Scotch, Ben."

The landlord stood looking at him. The talk of the men had dropped; they were watching Vetkin. But Philippa's voice remained clear and precise. She was telling O'Connell about a plague of bats in the next village. Vetkin turned round and looked steadily at Philippa. Very slowly his hand came up and he pointed at us. Perhaps the reflection of the setting sun—it was already below the horizon—on the table gave Philippa's gin a slightly amber tinge. Vetkin was drunk enough already to be talking slightly down his

nose; his voice shook slightly: "That's Scotch in there. That's Scotch for a quid. She gets Scotch."

"No it isn't, Mr. Vetkin," the landlord said. "It isn't now."

Philippa was saying: "It's odd but while I don't mind mice in the least, bats—"

"Look, I've spent a fortune in this house. But this woman comes in once for five minutes bringing a couple of her fancy men and she gets Scotch. She gets Scotch."

Philippa said, "Excuse me a moment." She walked across the room and stopped in front of Vetkin. She slapped him hard across the left cheek. A dry clean smack. She turned, her duster coat floating. Her heels clicked over the red tiles. She sat down beside O'Connell, "As I was saying, Mr. O'Connell, bats disgust me."

VETKIN'S broad cheek was scarlet with three white stripes. The room was quite silent except for O'Connell's voice. He was speaking slightly slower than usual and his face was inscrutable. "The disgust and even fear," he was saying, "aroused by bats seem to be both widespread and of long standing. In the folk tales of most countries and particularly those of central Europe—"

Vetkin could barely stop himself and almost crashed into our table. He held a shaking finger under O'Connell's nose. "Don't think you're going to get away with it, you," he said. His voice was painfully nasal now. "Hiding behind this dolled-up piece of—"

O'Connell stood up, hit Vetkin in the mouth and followed him into the centre of the room. There was a sudden tigerish ferocity in O'Connell. Vetkin staggered back against the bar and then heaved himself forward like a boxer using the ropes. Philippa and I got to our feet. She was the quicker. She stepped in between the two men. I heard O'Connell grunt as he checked his punch. Vetkin's right swing landed with a soft thud on O'Connell's neck. He took it without swaying or trying to ride it. He put his arm across Philippa's shoulders to pull her aside and Vetkin swung again. The blow landed cleanly on the point of Philippa's chin. She spun airily out of O'Connell's arm, took a single pace backward, spun once again and then settled gracefully as a ballet dancer on to the red tiles.

I dodged around toward her but O'Connell, completely ignoring Vetkin, was already on one knee beside her. "My dear," he said, and there was a strange new note in his voice. "My dear." Clearly she was out cold.

Two men had Vetkin by the arms from the back. Blood was running down his nose and he was licking it up as fast as he could move his tongue. He was rolling his shoulders; his eyes were bulging and the whites were as brown as wet dead leaves. He started to use his heels on the men. As he



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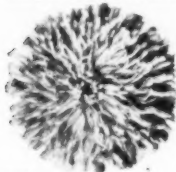
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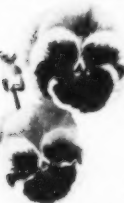
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got free I stood up. He had his fists raised to use as bludgeons on O'Connel's bent head; his chin was out. It was really too easy. I hit him with my right and he crashed to the floor like a felled tree.

O'Connel had Philippa in his arms and was carrying her toward the door. I followed him outside. Her head lay against his shoulder. Her eyelashes looked very long over her demurely closed eyes; her face was quite serene. There was a dark welt on the left side of her chin but as yet no swelling. O'Connel kept looking down at her with a sort of solemn boyish astonishment. About thirty yards up the lane he stopped.

"Is she coming round?"

He didn't answer me but stood looking down at her. Her eyelids fluttered and then opened very wide. Her head jerked as she belatedly tried to avoid the punch that had knocked her out. She opened her eyes again and I watched the pupils swiftly dilate and contract until they focused on O'Connel's face. She smiled and with a puckering of her brow. "I was knocked out," she said. "Imagine that!" The puckered smile again.

"Philippa," O'Connel said hoarsely. "I never felt anything. Simply click! And the lights were out." Again the smile but there were tears in her eyes now.

"My dear," O'Connel said. There was no sign of the sardonic cynic of Camden Town in his husky tenderness.

"I think I'm all right now. I'm sure I am. I can walk now."

He lowered her legs and she stood swaying with his arm about her shoulders. Her hands went up instinctively to her hair. Her fingers moved about it, making skilled little movements as though they had eyes in them. She took several deep, rather shaky, breaths. She touched her chin tenderly and smiled really amusedly at O'Connel. "Shall we go?" she said.

They were facing down the lane toward the Black Dog, away from her house. She started to walk. "No," O'Connel said, halting her. "Home's this way."

She looked up at him. "But we didn't finish our drinks."

O'Connel made a little sighing sound. "My dear," he said and his grip tightened on her shoulders.

"Really it would be contemptible if we allowed ourselves to be driven out of our own village pub, wouldn't it?"

"My dear," he said again. Then, in an entirely different voice with a sort of lilt in it, "Philippa, let's go."

I had become a bit of the scenery.

I watched them once more walking down the road together back toward the Black Dog. They looked irresponsible. Like undergraduates. No, younger. I turned and started for home. A white owl silent as a cunning thought planed across the lane.

Victoria was standing at the gate of Philippa's house. Her eyes widened with horror when she saw I was alone. "Mr. Scott! Where are they?"

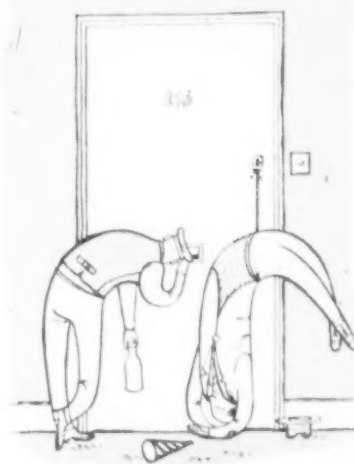
I slowed but did not stop. "They're fine, Victoria. They've just been thrown out of the Black Dog. They're now fighting their way back in again."

She leaned over the gate to follow me with her eyes. "Oh, he's a terrible, terrible man, that Mr. O'Connel."

"You'll learn to love him I dare say, Victoria."

Somewhere a dog bayed out his love to the not yet risen moon; a calf half-angry, half-plaintive, bellowed for its mother; the white owl, flying higher now and black against the dusty orange-brown of the western sky, crossed the lane again returning to his family, a mouse hanging limp from his strange sawn-off looking face. O'Connel's Old Mother Nature was certainly looking after the family interests tonight.

Except perhaps the mouse's, and mine. ★



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1½ cups fine granulated sugar	3 ounces chilled semi-sweet chocolate, thinly shaved
½ cup salad oil	½ tsp. cream of tartar
	1 cup egg whites

Sift flour, Magic Baking Powder, salt and sugar into mixing bowl. Make a well in the centre of flour mixture and add salad oil, egg yolks, coffee and vanilla; mix liquids a little with mixing spoon; combine with flour mixture and beat until smooth. Add chocolate and beat to combine (a potato peeler shaves chocolate thinly). Sprinkle cream of tartar over the egg whites and beat until very, very stiff (much stiffer than for a meringue). Gradually fold egg-yolk mixture into the egg-white mixture. Turn into ungreased 10" deep tube pan (top inside measure) and bake in rather slow oven 325°, 1½ to 1¾ hours. Immediately cake is baked, invert pan and allow cake to hang, suspended, until cold. (To "hang" cake, rest tube of inverted pan on a funnel or rest rim of pan on 3 inverted small cups.) Remove cake carefully from pan and cover with a brown-sugar 7-minute frosting in which strong coffee is used in place of the usual water.

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A Butcher Talks Back

Continued from page 11

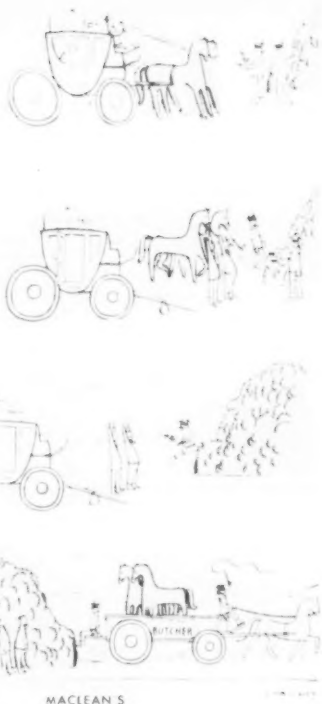
help but be good. But when she gets home she looks at a cookbook. It says, "Cook twenty minutes to the pound." She carefully weighs the meat, finds it's three pounds, cooks it for sixty minutes and takes it out. My mother and grandmother, and probably yours, used to stick a fork into it, and if it wasn't done they put it back in the oven. This woman takes it out hot or cold, rare or shriveled, and Monday morning trouble starts for me.

One woman last year bought a roast of beef I would have liked to have had myself. Monday she brought it in, tossed it on the counter, said, "Give this to your dog," and flounced out. I wouldn't have given it to a dog. It was black on the outside and the color of a football on the inside. I could have had it made into a pair of shoes and they would have worn a lot better than the ones I'm wearing now that cost me twice as much as they did ten years ago. But the point is, that roast was okay when I sold it and if it had been cooked properly would have been a gourmet's dream.

I've had women come in who have been married for ten years and ask me how to cook a roast. Not only that, I've had to fight with them to get them to take a decent cut. One day a couple of months ago I showed a woman a roast that was perfection—the kind a butcher would enter in a contest if there were contests for butchers. I held it up, practically with tears in my eyes, and said, "Isn't that a beautiful piece of meat?" She said, "I don't like it." It was as if she had said she didn't like my children. I said, "Why?" She shook her head and smiled mysteriously. "I just don't like the look of it," she said. It was the finest piece of meat I'd ever seen. She didn't buy it.

They're like innocent lambs about some things, and yet so knowing about others. One of my Dad's customers, a wealthy woman who insisted that no one but he should cut her steaks, could tell whether he cut them or I did. We became so fascinated trying to figure out how she could tell that it became a hobby of mine trying to fool her. I'd watch my Dad cut them, study his stance, grip, approach and stroke. I'd even get out a tape rule and measure the steak. But she'd phone my Dad and say, "I'm sending those steaks back. I want you to cut the next ones." Her chauffeur used to join in the game. He'd bite his lip thoughtfully and suggest where I was going wrong. We never did solve it.

Yet they'll go on asking for nice dark red beef, when beef should be a delicate



MACLEAN'S

pink; ask for nice white chickens instead of those old brown ones, whereas brown is the natural color of White Rocks or Barred Rocks, two of the most delicious birds. They ask for white eggs instead of brown ones, too, until I wonder sometimes if they eat the shells.

It's probably an idea they get over the radio. One of my innocent customers sits at home and hears a feminine voice carol a recipe for a piece of brisket. It's the most cunning recipe you've ever heard. The trouble is, my customer hasn't seen a brisket in her life. The brisket is the piece off the front quarter up close to the neck, and it's always fairly fat and not too good to look at. But the woman comes in and says, "I want a piece of brisket." I try to talk her out of it, but she thinks I'm just trying to hurry up the payments on my penthouse at Palm Beach. Brisket she wants, and none of your smooth talk, young man. I finally produce it. She backs away and looks at me as if I'm Jack the Ripper. "What do you call that?" she says. "Brisket," I say, wearily. "Well, you can stuff it back in the icebox," she says, and walks out.

Lots of my customers are full of surprises, but some keep doing the same thing, like saying, "Are you sure this isn't horsemeat?" One woman read a lot of newspaper stories about a few city butchers fined for selling horsemeat and just can't be convinced. "I'm afraid they put horsemeat in this," she'll say, looking at some of my beautiful minced round steak.

"Look, lady," I say. "I minced that myself this morning."

"But how do you know what you minced it from?"

"Madam, I just don't sell horsemeat."

"Well, you never know."

"But I do know," I insist. "I can tell a horse from a cow."

There's another kind of customer who eats anything he can find in my store that he can swallow. I've watched sliced Bologna disappear almost as fast as I could slice it. Now and then I get even with these types, but not often.

One woman I'd never seen before came in my shop, pointed to some frozen kippers and said, "Are they all right to eat?" I knew what was coming. I said, "Yes." She broke a piece off one, chewed it, got red in the face, and blazed, "I thought you said these were all right to eat?" "I did," I said. "Of course, they have to be cooked first."

At the same time as they're eating my baloney and squeezing my chickens some customers will hawl me out for touching. One woman asked me to please not handle her roast beef. I almost asked her if she thought I rolled it by radar. I keep my store as clean as human hands and ingenuity can make it. It's like the inside of a new refrigerator. I wash my hands and clean my nails dozens of times every day. I've put my finger across the top of my lip to block a sneeze so often I've made a dint there.

My dad used to tell me that running a butcher store was the best education in the world. I see now what he means. It has taught me one of the most important things of all—self-discipline. I can smile now through practically anything. I smile when my customers come in on a Saturday morning, look at the bacon in the counter that I've spent an hour slicing, and ask me to slice six new strips.

I've taught myself not to bat an eye when they walk right past a tray of ground round steak, ask for a piece of round steak, watch me go to my refrigerator and get down a quarter, watch me cut it, weigh it, then say, "Fine, now will you please mince it?"

I've taught myself to be patient when a woman holds me up for twenty minutes going over everything in the store then buys three slices of peameal bacon.

I've learned to calmly do my best when men come in, pass an order from their wives and say, "That's as far as I go, Buster, but if it's not right you'll hear from the missus." And when they ask for things that are as impossible to produce as a squared circle, like a round short-rib roast.

But, all in all, I have a lot of fun being a butcher. One night my wife phoned me and said she wanted a piece of rolled rib. "And I don't want something you couldn't sell to anyone else. Don't try to put anything over on me." I took a piece of chuck, doctored it up, worked at it like a sculptor, rolled it to just the right size, and when my wife asked me how to cook it, I just added an hour to the regular time.

After supper she said, "Wasn't that a lovely rolled rib? It's a good thing I bear down on you or Lord knows what you'd sell me." ★

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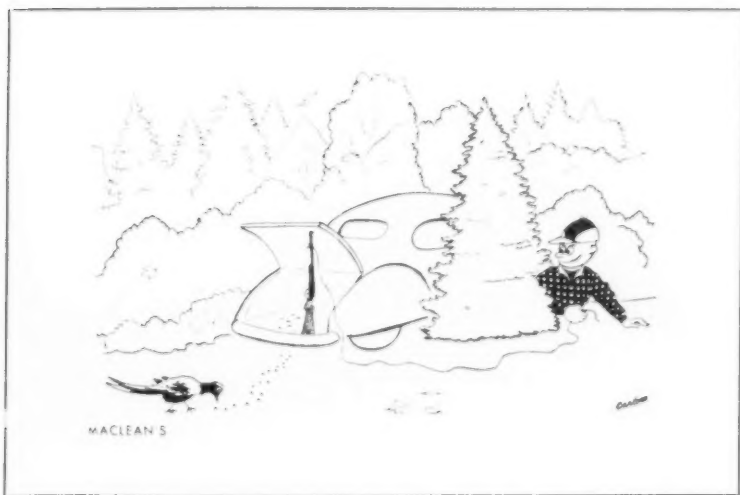
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Backstage at Ottawa

Continued from page 5

lately appointed Drew's representative in B. C., is trying to heal the breach but hasn't made much progress yet.

Meanwhile another group has left the party altogether. W. A. C. Bennett, who ran against Anscomb for the B. C. leadership in 1950, now proclaims himself a convert to Social Credit. He will be a candidate for the Social Credit leadership this spring. How many votes he'll pull away is anybody's guess, but all agree that Social Credit is spreading through rural B. C. at a startling rate.

These are the bald facts in a strange political puzzle. The big question they leave unanswered: Why?

Why should a government with two and a half years to go, a government with a solid majority and, on the whole, a reasonably good record, suddenly lose confidence in itself? Why should its component parts, after nearly ten years of harmony, fall to bickering at once with each other and with their respective party machines?

Rebels on each side will tell you that scandal is one reason. Frankly, I don't believe it. Some very odd things go on in B. C. politics, but they've been going on for years and nobody pays much attention. As an Ontario Conservative remarked: "Even in Quebec they wouldn't put up with the things that are tolerated in B. C."

Rebel Conservatives draw attention to the unusual status of Hon. Herbert Anscomb, their leader. As Finance Minister he shared the duty of ratifying prices and policy of the B. C. Liquor Control Board. As chief owner and managing director of the Growers' Wine Company he sells its entire product to the government of which he is a member. He is also a director of brewery companies. So is the former Minister of Mines and Municipal Affairs, R. C. Macdonald.

On the Liberal side rebels talk about the friends of Attorney-General Gordon Wismer. The friendships go back to the days when Wismer was the smartest police-court lawyer on the west coast.

B. C. liquor laws forbid the sale of spirits by the glass. A legal way around this is the establishment of "private clubs" for the thirsty. In one such the annual membership fee is a dime; others run as high as two dollars. Most of the club licenses are held by friends of Wismer, several of whom worked their way up from humble beginnings by diligent service in the Vancouver Centre Liberal Association. (The Vancouver Centre machine competes with

that of Montreal-Cartier for the gamiest reputation in Canada.)

Three years ago the Federal Government bought land for a new Vancouver customs building. Two holding companies got \$140,000 for lots that had been bought for \$85,000 (more than a year earlier, a director explained, though by some oversight the sale wasn't registered until a month before Ottawa bought them out). Anyway, the profit on the deal was sixty-five percent. Both these farsighted holding companies were owned by about fifteen shareholders. Among them were one club proprietor, one club director, two club stewards and Attorney-General Gordon Wismer.

All these facts have been published repeatedly in Vancouver newspapers. Anscomb's retention of winery and brewery directorships became an open issue at the 1950 convention; he made no bones about it and the delegates backed him up.

But if these things didn't shake the coalition, what did?

Maybe the trouble is inherent in all coalitions, in which case B. C.'s experience would be a solemn warning for other politicians. On the other hand, maybe it grew out of the peculiar origins of the Johnson-Anscomb administration.

Boss Johnson himself is an oddity among politicians, a man who went straight from the back bench to the premiership in one jump. Originally he got the job by default: the logical heir when John Hart retired was Gordon Wismer and some younger Liberals decided Wismer wouldn't do. They looked around for a substitute and their eyes fell on Boss Johnson. He hadn't much experience, but he had no enemies. He was a strikingly handsome man with pure white hair framing a ruddy boyish face, and in youth he'd been a famous athlete. A self-made businessman of some means, he was known to be impeccably honest and entirely disinterested (accepting the premiership cut Johnson's income fifty percent).

The Young Turks put on a whirlwind campaign and Johnson carried the convention by eight votes. But they'd no sooner got him in than the Young Turks fell out with him. For one thing, he wouldn't behave like a Liberal. All these young men were anti-coalitionists; Johnson, they discovered too late, was the very Father of Coalition, the delegate who'd moved the original resolution back in 1941. He took his position as a coalition premier very seriously, often wouldn't even address Liberal Party meetings.

It seemed to his disillusioned backers that their rebellion had been in vain. Gordon Wismer whom they had risked their political careers to defeat was still in charge of the Liberal machine. He became a local colleague of Boss Johnson, bore no grudge against the man who had beaten him and consequently remained in a position of great power. Indeed, in party matters his power seems to have been greater than Johnson's.

The Young Turks also found, to their great chagrin, that their protégé wasn't particularly grateful. They had no more influence with him than anybody else, on matters of either policy or patronage. One of them put it bluntly the other day: "We didn't know who was going to be appointed to what job."

Finally they thought Johnson too friendly or at any rate too easy with Herbert Anscomb, the hated Tory leader.

Anscomb, they thought, had set the whole thing off on the wrong foot. He

thought it was his turn to be prime minister, anyway, and managed to make it appear he did Johnson a favor by consenting to stay in coalition. For two years now he has been openly critical of the government in which he sits as Finance Minister. Last March his budget speech contained an incredible paragraph of sharp criticism against his colleague the Minister of Health. Johnson's advisers thought he should have fired Anscomb on the spot; the fact that he didn't do it has also diminished his prestige with the Liberals.

But the real sore point, both within the coalition and within the party, has been Johnson's scheme of hospital insurance.

Unfortunately the law was hastily drafted, costs were hastily computed, the administrative staff hastily assembled. In the three years the plan has been in effect, premiums have had to be increased twice. On top of that, the service is no longer entirely free: the patient must pay a part of his bill for the first ten days. And, to cap all, the scheme still runs a heavy deficit.

It did annoy a lot of people and no one more than Finance Minister Anscomb who had to find the money for the deficits. Lately a legislature committee has examined the whole scheme and will report to this session. Now that Anscomb has been booted into Opposition he'll probably find a lively issue in the hospital report.

There have been other things going wrong too. A system of forest management licensing was introduced, with the idea of enforcing conservation; it's attacked as a shield to the big interests and a death sentence to the smaller logger. There has been unappeased clamor for amendment of the labor law and the Workmen's Compensation Act, both of which are likely to split the Government's friends.

Each of the older parties is now trying to emerge from coalition with minimum blame for the annoyances, maximum credit for the accomplishments. Both seem to be worried for fear they can't do it.

Luckily for them, the CCF and Social Credit groups are in no better shape. The CCF has its own factional squabbles; Harold Winch is still leader as he has been for eighteen years, but there's not much fire in the fight he puts up nowadays. Social Credit, quite probably a real threat if given time, is still unorganized.

"We've got people we don't even know founding Social Credit clubs and lining up members," said a rather bewildered man who'd been years in the little group of currency cranks who've made up the Social Credit party.

Altogether it'll be a queer fight, the kind we used to see when Jim Braddock was heavyweight champion. But the Liberals retain one advantage — the split in their ranks is not so close to the middle. Younger MPs are much more articulate, but the quiet and elderly Bob Mayhew (Minister of Fisheries) swings more weight than all of them put together. Mayhew is on Johnson's side against anybody rocking the boat.

So you can even find the occasional optimist in Liberal ranks who thinks the Grits can take more seats in a straight-party fight than the two-party coalition took last time. But even if they are right the moral is still the same: Canadian politics can't be figured out by arithmetic. Voters apparently don't like being added and subtracted; party machines like it even less. Therefore a coalition is not necessarily equal to the sum of all its parts.

At a time of political instability, that's a useful thing to remember. ★

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HIDE-AND-SEEK No. 7

You probably know their faces as well as you know the man next door. But can you identify these famous backs? Answers on page 62.



1 He's a noted Canadian gourmet and politician.



2 He once lived in Tasmania.



3 She spoke to crowds at last year's CNE.



4 He handled external affairs for his country.



5 Senator McCarthy doesn't like him at all.



6 His paintings have hung in a Montreal museum.



7 She was a pin-up girl of World War II.



8 He's the oldest goalie in Canadian pro hockey.



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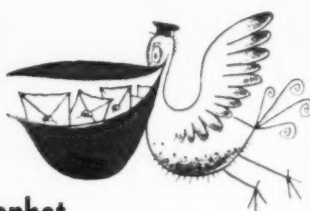
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From the Sons of the Prophet

The Warrior Who Fights on From Paradise (Jan. 1), an article on the life and teachings of the Prophet Mahomet (Peace be upon him), has amused and intrigued most of the Muslims living in North America.

The recent assassinations of Muslim leaders and the disputes over Iranian oil, occupation of the Suez Canal zone, and the French Morocco issue, have been attributed to the "imperialistic inspiration of Mahomet." This indeed is wide of the mark. The imperialist Moroccans and the imperialist Iranians and Egyptians have been clamoring for fundamental human rights and struggling to achieve their political and economic freedom from the meek and humble nations of Europe for the last fifty years. Verily Moslems are aggressors and Islam is imperialistic!

It has been pointed out most eloquently that "the gluttonous and licentious King Farouk of Egypt, who has everything to lose from Marxist economy, tolerates demonstrations against the British by Communist agitators," and yet it was the same King Farouk who incurred the wrath of his own people the other day by appointing a pro-British Egyptian as the chief of his cabinet.

Tears are shed over the information that the white Muslims from Communist Yugoslavia, Albania and Rumania are "aiding Arab forces still in conflict with the fledgling Jewish State of Israel," but nothing is said about the help that the same "fledgling" state has been receiving from all over the world, including the countries behind the iron curtain.

The former Egyptian defense minister has been quoted as having said that his countrymen would fight with the devil if necessary, but they would be independent. What a devilish thought! What the Egyptian defense minister should have said was that the Egyptians were determined to remain slaves of foreign nations, even if their liberation was ordained by divine dispensation!

Your article says in a spirit of thanksgiving, "But for the soldiers of Charles Martel the Muslims would have reached England in the eighth century, obliterated Christianity, shackled all Europe and left progress to an economy based on the camel, the ass and the herd of goats." Yet it was the Muslims who introduced an administrative system in the Arab world, in Spain, in the Ottoman Empire, in Persia, in India and in Central Asia, which controlled these areas for centuries. They devised democratic rules of government, introduced revenue systems, founded municipal institutions, levied heavy taxes on big incomes, constructed towns and roads, patronized art and architecture, abolished racial and religious discrimination, built institutions of learning and enforced equality of man before the law.

It will require a whole book to give an account of Islam's contribution to modern thought. But it may be sufficient here to say that the Arabs

invented algebra, and developed geometry, medicine, astronomy, and mathematics to an extent that no other nation can ever claim. All historians, whether Oriental or Occidental, admit that the Muslims played the most important role in keeping the fountainheads of Greco-Roman learning from being dried out. It was mostly through the books written by the Muslim philosophers and doctors that the Greek thought reached the Western world. The first medical universities in Bologna and other parts of Italy were founded under the direct influence of Arabs. Philosophers like Avicenna, Averroes, and doctors like Toosi and Razi, are chiefly responsible for formulating a system of ethics which later influenced Spinoza and other Renaissance philosophers in Europe. Remarkable monuments of Muslim architecture exist even today.

The Prophet outlawed murder, loot and plunder; killing old men and women and children in wars; spoiling of crops; killing of animals for pleasure and commanded his followers to be humble and meek in their demeanor and outspoken in saying the truth. The hackneyed and childish charge of the spreading of Islam by the sword has been refuted and ridiculed by many Christian historians, among them Thomas Carlyle.

Your article overemphasized the polygamous nature of Islamic society but hides the fact that Islam was the first social order in history which gave women equal social and economic rights with man. It permitted her to inherit, buy or sell property; it permitted her to exercise her vote in political elections; it permitted her to give or take divorce if need arose. Your article deplores the myth that Mahomet limited women "to the function of sexual congress and domestic service" but says nothing of the part played by women both in peace and war throughout Islamic history. Razia Sultana, Noor Jehan, Qurat-ul-Ain and a number of other women played a very prominent role devising the course of events in the middle ages. And today Muslim women are taking part in every conceivable nation-building activity in Pakistan, Turkey, Indonesia, Egypt and Iran.

The world of Islam is at the moment undergoing a renaissance. The unrest and political instability prevailing in some countries derive from causes too numerous to discuss here. And it is

Answers to Maclean's Hide-and-Seek — No. 7

(See page 61)

1. Mayor Houde; 2. Field-Marshal Montgomery; 3. Eleanor Roosevelt; 4. Louis St. Laurent; 5. Dean Acheson; 6. Lord Alexander; 7. Betty Grable; 8. Turk Broda.

certainly much too complicated a subject for any sweeping generalizations. The present poverty and backwardness of Muslim nations are no more a result of the teachings of Islam than colonialism, racial and religious discriminations and political wars perpetrated by the Western Powers upon humanity are derived from the teachings of Christ. No amount of mudslinging, therefore, is going to relieve the present tense situation between the countries of the Middle East and West. Unless we are appreciative of each other's philosophy and mode of life, and unless we regard the peace and prosperity of other nations as dearly as we regard our own, we shall not be able to further the cause of international understanding. Arshad M. Mirza, Ottawa.

● I am giving a course on the Middle East to honor classes in the department of geography, University of Toronto. I am also a Muslim, and come from Pakistan on a Vincent Massey Scholarship.

Mahomet (according to us rightly and according to others wrongly) is today respected by nearly five hundred million people in the world, in the same manner and with the same force as Jesus is among Christians and Muslims. . . . To associate words and phrases like foxy, crafty, lechery, cowardly, exotic, ruthless, concubines, sexual congress, forging and scrapping alliances with impunity, purple hotch-potch of oracular and lyrical literature, etc., etc., with the life of and the precepts enunciated by a person who is held in high esteem by so many millions can hardly have any pleasant consequences.

They are calumny in any language, whether it be of the "progressive white Christian nations" or that of the "savage black dependencies." They are calumny against a man whose enemies believed him to be honest, whose followers believed him to be an ideal and, above all, calumny against a person who is dead. But perhaps in the progressive ethics of today even death is too thin a veneer to ward off slander. . . . I wonder if you would give a similar chance to an anti-Christian (there is no dearth of them) to cast his venom against Jesus and Christianity. I cannot do so because I am a Muslim and Jesus Christ is as much our prophet as yours. Ali Tayyeb, Toronto.

● I was shocked. . . . Anything said against the Holy Prophet is sure to lose the friendship of the Muslim world. If you differ from the political views of Iran, Egypt or any other country, you have full rights to criticize their state and leaders, but not the religion. . . . Try to understand the real problem facing these countries, and give constructive criticism. M. I. Qureshi, Lindsay, Ont.

● A totally distorted and very one-sided picture of the history of the Islam in world events. McKenzie Porter laid stress on the sexual part of the story and the pleasures of the flesh by stressing that Mahomet took a twelve-year-old child for a wife. May I point out that in most South American states the minimum marriage age for women is twelve years, for men fourteen.

It was Christianity, the church of Rome to be sure, that destroyed at the beginning of the so-called dark ages all the learnings, the teachings and the great knowledge the Islamites gave to the world up to that date. . . . The Arabian Nights belong in the foremost category of world literature. S. H. Dolhas, Niagara-on-the-Lake, Ont. ★



WIT AND WISDOM



The Morning After—You are as old as you feel before breakfast, says a medical authority. We would not have believed it possible for any human being to be that old. —*Oshawa (Ont.) Times Gazette.*

Spectrum Saga—Life is certainly colorful. We are either trying to get out of the red or get rid of the blues. —*The Albertan, Calgary.*

Spoil Sport—A doctor says it's healthier to kiss a girl on her photograph. But you get a negative reaction. —*St. Thomas (Ont.) Times Journal.*

Where it Hurts—Posing a farmer and his college-boy son for a formal picture the photographer suggested that the boy stand with his hand on his father's shoulder. "If you want to make it look natural," said the father, "ask him to put his hand in my pocket." —*News Chronicle, Port Arthur, Ont.*

Mad About Meat—Child: My mother got a black eye last night.

Neighbor: She should put a piece of steak on it.

Child: If there was any steak in the house she wouldn't have the black eye. —*Evening Reporter, Galt, Ont.*

The Long Wind—"Friends," orated the politician, "I know I've been a little lengthy tonight, but I am speaking to posterity." —"Yeah,"

interjected a weary listener, "and if you don't hurry up they'll hear you." —*Hanover (Ont.) Post.*

Rear View—Pott: What has lots of legs, green eyes and a yellow back with black spots?

Mott: I don't know. What?

Pott: I don't know either, but it's on the back of your neck. —*Canadian Observer, Sarnia, Ont.*

Beğ Pardon—An austere-looking man was traveling in a train and a fellow passenger spoke to him.

"Excuse me, but your tie is hanging out."

"What of it?" the man answered. "Your pocket has been on fire for the last five minutes but I haven't bothered you." —*Welland Evening Tribune.*

Southern Comfort—Two Southern farmers met on the road.

"Si, I've got a mule with distemper. What'd ye give that one of yours when he had it?"

"Turpentine."

A week later they met again. "Say, Si, I gave my mule turpentine and it killed him."

"Killed mine, too!" —*Calgary Albertan.*

Last Laugh—According to a college professor a man's laugh reveals his character. Especially if he has heard the joke before. —*North Bay Nugget.*

JASPER

By Simpkins

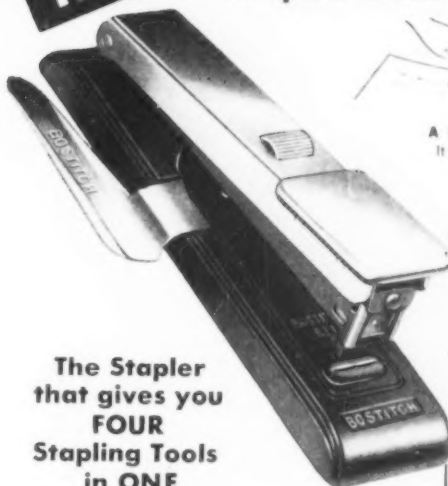


"This is the last time down — it's two months past your bedtime already."

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, FEBRUARY 15, 1952

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Marge Standing on a Rock

By THOMAS WALSH

ROUND about this time every year I find myself trapped in an easy chair looking at somebody's vacation photographs. I wouldn't mind if I could get my hands on the whole stack and go over them at my own pace, stopping to look at all the girls with nice legs and doing a double-shuffle when I come to rocks, buildings and uncles.

But this guy deals them out one at a time, with a running commentary. As there are five rolls of eight pictures I have to think up forty different things to say. "This is a picture of the cottage," he says.

"Nice place," I say, reaching for the rest.

But the guy's too fast for me. He goes into contortions behind my back, pointing at the picture from the other side.

"Over here is the porch we used to sit on every night. You can't see the lake. It's way over here." He points to a spot about fifteen feet away toward the kitchen. I look toward the kitchen and try to imagine a lake there. He hands me another picture.

"Now here's Marge standing on a rock."

"Nice and clear," I say.

"She didn't even know I was taking it. We'd just got back from a swim."

"Mmm."

"Now here's one just of Marge."

"Uhuh."

"Here's one just of the rock."

"How do you get to this place?" I say, trying to change the subject.

"It's almost impossible, absolutely wild." He hands me another one.

"Here's one we took the Sunday before we left. It was a dull day, so nothing came out."

"Nice shade of black, though."

"You can just see the point if you look close." I put my nose on the thing.

"If you could see our cottage it would be over here." He points fifteen feet in the other direction toward the radio. I look blankly toward the radio.

"Here's another one

of Marge. You can't see her because she's behind the rock."

"What kind of a rock is it?"

"Don't know. The north country's full of them. Here's one of Marge from the other side."

"Got her right in the middle, eh?"

This type of person often has a wife who talks tandem with him.

"It's a pretty little cottage," he says.

"Has a colored roof."

"Blue," his wife explains.

"We were going to have it green."

"but we decided there were too many green ones already."

"so I got some blue paint."

"eight cans. He looked like an orange squeezer."

"and I began to mix them."

"You'd have died."

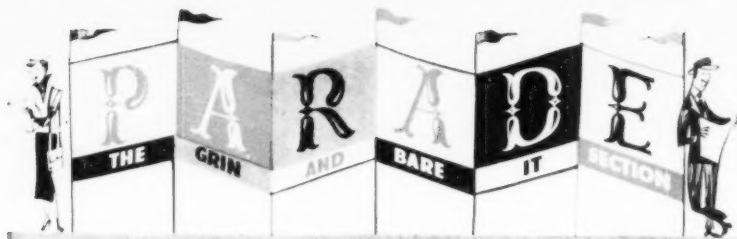
I'm nearly dead already looking from one to the other with a fixed smile, like a tennis fan full of opium, until my collar has begun to scrape my neck raw.

The whole trouble with vacation pictures, of course, is that their charm is dependent on associations that are hard to impart to a stranger between seasons. A bunch of people sitting on a veranda, with one of the men wearing a woman's hat and pretending he is praying, might be funny when everyone is dog-tired, sunburned and listening to the sound of gulls and the splash of whisky on ice, but the memory should be stored away with the old fishing tackle and tennis rackets; to try to preserve it in black and white, on a piece of paper 2 x 3, and to spring it on a stranger in the fall, does something to the guy in the woman's hat that should only happen to a small-mouthed black bass.

"This is Gert I was telling you about," somebody says. "Had us in stitches."

I look at Gert. Gert looks at me. All I can think of about Gert is that she shouldn't wear those shorts.

If you ask me, these pictures should be buried in some old dining-room drawer, or under that rock Marge is always standing on. ★



AN EDMONTON businessman lost six hundred dollars when his safe was blasted open and robbed. A few weeks later when he got a bill from a department store he found that the burglars had bought their safe-cracking tools there and charged them to him.

Last fall a farmer in Breton, Alta., decided to take a day off to go partridge shooting with his hired man. He waved a cheery good-by



to his wife and promised her a fine bird for supper. Five hours later the two men returned empty-handed.

"We've walked miles without seeing a single partridge," said the farmer wearily. "There just aren't any in the district."

A few minutes later the family cat stalked in the kitchen door, dragging a splendid partridge which she dropped at the feet of the hunters.

After a Halifax housewife had baked six elaborate cakes to ship overseas she noticed that her wedding ring was missing. It was in one of the cakes—but which one? Unwilling to risk having to rip all the cakes apart she took them to a shoe store, put each in turn under the fluoroscope which is used to see whether shoes fit properly, spotted her ring in cake number four.

A busy Toronto executive has his secretary sign most of his letters with his name but in her own hand. The other day he met one of his correspondents who said, "Look here, there's something fishy going on in your office! This letter you wrote me yesterday is signed with your name but I know it's not your writing because I've often had letters with your signature."

The executive glanced at the letter and recognized it as the only one he himself had signed in the past month.

A Halifax woman noted for her poise is careful to remember all her social obligations. On Thursday, in preparation for a week-end visit to friends in the country, she wrote a bread-and-butter letter to be posted when she came home on Monday.

On Friday morning her husband noticed a letter on the desk and posted it. The woman arrived an hour after the letter describing her delightful visit.

Firemen in St. Catharines, Ont., roared off to answer an alarm from a street box in a residential district. As they careened to a stop with sirens wailing and brakes screeching, a disgruntled woman turned away from the alarm box with a letter in her hand. "It just won't go in," she complained.

A practical joker in Regina planned to embarrass a college pal by sending a letter addressed to "Mr. and Mrs. . . ." to the home of his friend's fiancée. The girl's family absorbed the joke then doubled in spades with a return letter to the joker, who is married, addressed, "Mr. and Miss . . ."

A bashful Winnipeg youth recently summoned up his courage and asked for a date with a girl he had long



admired. He was dismayed to find a long queue already ahead of them at the neighborhood theatre. The last complete show was about to begin. When the usher announced, "Sorry, only singles left," the desperate lad stammered, "Have you got two singles together?"

An Ontario school inspector noted for his strictness recently criticized the teachers of a certain school for their lack of attention to detail. He insisted on neater notebooks, tidier cloakrooms and spotted every misplaced item in the building. That evening he was guest speaker at a dinner attended by the same teachers. When he stood up to speak the audience howled with laughter—he was wearing one black shoe, one brown.

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Part of the world once more

All night the storm howled across the prairie. It drove the snow in whirls of blinding white that buried the roads and covered the fences. In lonely farmhouses people shivered by their stoves, cut off from the outside world.

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GENUINE QUIKUT...NATIONALLY ADVERTISED AT \$1.50

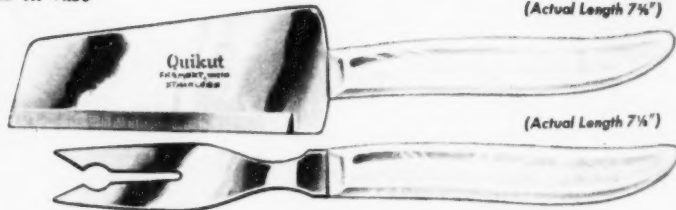
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only 50¢

and Windmill Pictures
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(Actual Length 7 1/2")

(Actual Length 7 1/2")

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Lovely enough to adorn any table. Lustrous simulated mother-of-pearl handles. Mirror-finish, stainless steel knife blade and fork prongs. Knife has hollow-ground edge

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Old Dutch Cleanser, Dept. H-B
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Please send me _____ Quikut "Snack-Server"
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